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THE
DUBLIN REVIEW
A QUARTERLY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL

APRIL, 1923

1. PÈRE THOMASSIN AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRAYER (PART II.). By Henri Bremond (*of the French Academy*).
 2. SOME NOTES ON MR. SHAW'S "ST. JOAN." By Christopher Hollis.
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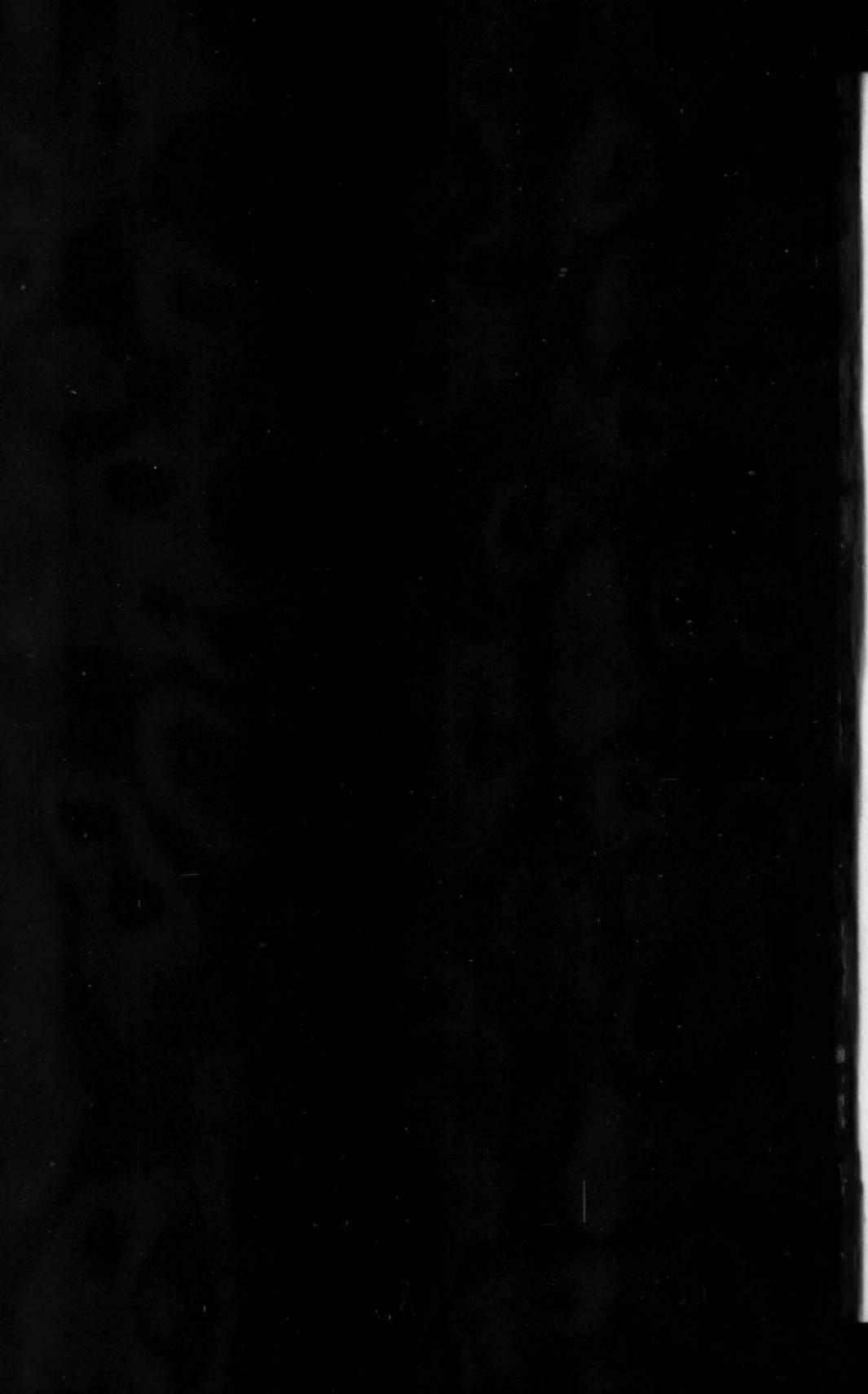
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APRIL, 1928

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ART. I.—PÈRE THOMASSIN AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRAYER

(PART II)

III—PRAYER, MUSIC, AND POETRY

AS we see, Thomassin wastes no time here in forcing an open door, that is, in repeating after everyone else that outward prayer—gestures or words—is mere psittacism, when it is not the translation of interior prayer: *Labiis suis glorificat me, cor autem ejus longe.* He seeks, on the other hand, to discover and slay the subtle and deadly error which insinuates into many minds the necessity of this. He fears, in fact, that on the pretence of combating psittacism, prayer may be assimilated to a mental exercise, thinking with Augustine that “vocal prayers . . . fail not to be useful, even though those who utter them do not perceive their meaning.”

Words, indeed, have a twofold function: to present the idea of an object to the understanding; and to render contact between the depth of the soul and the true reality of that object easier. A twofold value, the one intellectual, the other religious or poetical; these two epithets easily permit of alternative use, since the proper function of poetry as of religion, whatever other differences may separate them, is the attainment of reality. Words, in short, are not only symbols, but “charms,” and although it is better in principle to take them at once for all that they are, both for symbols and for charms, we only half psittacize, or rather we do not psittacize at all, when, without regarding what they signify, we concern ourselves only with what they operate. Thomassin perhaps does not push his thought so far, still less does he dream of comparing on this head the realizations

of the mystic with those of the poet, but none the less it is to this that he is led by his keen intuitions nourished on Plato and the Fathers. Let us listen:

"Origen says that, if it was believed of old that spells uttered by those who did not understand their words had power to render serpents and diseases harmless merely by virtue of the sound of the words, all the more should we be persuaded that the simple recital of the Scriptures, even without aught of them being understood, has a strength and power quite other and quite miraculous, for the putting to flight of spiritual sicknesses. . . . For if the demons are so ready to bring to pass the promises contained in the books of enchantment . . . how much readier are the holy angels to come and bring about for our salvation all that is contained in the Holy Books!"

Truly it is most remarkable that, to define vocal prayer and to rebut the reproach of psittacism, Thomassin should thus have attributed to it a power of incantation and magic art. But in whatever manner it may be explained, there is a truth of experience here, namely that words, set free provisionally from their quality of symbols, whether from lack of understanding or, as is more common, from lack of attention on the part of those who utter them, do, when thus reduced to their lowest quality of mere noises, act in a highly mysterious fashion, a fashion which seems to us immediate, on the inmost ego. In this he is not thinking, I fancy, of poetic incantation, although this figures in its place among the manifold "charms" of the liturgy. It goes without saying, indeed, that everything which is strictly poetical in the Church's prayers acts on us in the same manner as any other poem. And not only the hymns and sequences, but also many other wonderful pieces which obey rhythmical laws. No, for him, and very rightly too, the "charm" proper to the liturgy does not, so to speak, hang on the choice and arrangement of words; it resides rather, or above all, in the very vibrations, harmonious, poetical or not, loud or almost imperceptible, it matters little, which are spread abroad in the recital of a vocal prayer.

Hence arises also the bond, still more mysterious perhaps, between music and prayer. Thomassin has a whole chapter on this subject, and a very fine one. Sacred music, whose effect it is "to spread abroad a holy joy in the soul, to *enchant* all the passions . . . to make it feel holy and innocent pleasures." His *pleasure* once more. In reality it is a case of a much more interior, much less sensuous action.

"The most ignorant share in all these good things, for even those who do not understand the meaning, consecrate by the chant their tongue and their ears, their *will* and their *heart*, whereof the intention and love, faith and desire form a kind of attention, understanding, and mental prayer."

The summit of the soul has an "inclination . . . for everything that is harmonious." Still more active, still more capable of penetrating to the deepest ego—in a word, a greater *excitant* to prayer—is music without words.

"Those intervals of instruments which sometimes play alone, may serve for the renewal of short and frequent, and thus continual, mental prayer."

Thus of the silence which the Fathers of the Desert observed at the end of each psalm, and through which their psalmody resumed, or rather preserved, contact with pure prayer.

IV—THE STATE OF PRAYER

"To preserve," not "to resume": it was a lucky blunder which almost made me use the second word in place of the former, for it gives me occasion to remark more clearly the difference between them. Pure prayer, indeed, must undoubtedly be renewed by acts, but in itself it is not so much an act as a state—the state of prayer; a disposition which survives the acts that have called it forth, the *habitual* cleaving of the soul to habitual grace.

"It is *continual* prayer that St. Paul requires of us; and this cannot be conceived save as a prayer that is rather mental than vocal,"

and the *sine intermissione* cannot be understood either of the acts or of the actual and necessarily intermittent applications of the mind.

"We cannot repeat it too often; even when we pray vocally, it is not so much the mouth and the thoughts that pray, but the will, the heart,"

more inward faculties, which, very near the fine point, share in the motionless activity of the latter.

"When we set before the common people" the highest truths of the faith,

"*they consent to them.* And it is not then that they begin to consent; although they were not explained, or they did not reflect at all upon them, they were in accord therewith, they believed them, they willed them, they desired them, in the interior preparation, in the very depth of their soul. And they only firstly consented at the first enquiry that was made because they had always been persuaded thereof. This *secret preparation of the heart* could not be reawakened too often, but even when it seems to be stilled, it does not cease to be a *continual prayer in spirit . . . a living and efficacious affection, which always acts inasmuch as it always inclines the heart, even when it does not act.*"

Here is no shadow of paradox; these activities, otherwise so different, not having the same focus; the one the surface faculties, the other the centre of the soul. And further on, at the end of a fine passage in which he seeks to show that the people of Hippo, though not understanding all the sublime things which St. Augustine laid before them in his preaching, could yet avail themselves of them very well:

"I think, indeed, that these high truths entered deeper into the heart than into the mind and understanding of the people of Hippo. The eye of faith was raised thither, the eye of charity saw nothing new in all this,"

knowing it already, in some manner, by reason of its very state. No need to penetrate further by formal acts of thought;

"one need only, love, in order to *understand* everything in a much nobler and holier manner than by the understanding. . . . These feelings imprinted on the heart, these 'prejudices' of a soul which has faith and love, give to all that it does an (habitual) elevation to God which may pass for mental prayer."

The state of grace, the state of prayer—fundamentally they are the same thing.

"We pray in spirit and in truth, if these feelings are vividly impressed on the heart. I do not say if they are in the thoughts or if we think of them (actually) without ceasing. They may be in the thoughts, yet at the same time be far distant from the heart; so also they may have entered very deeply into the heart and come but rarely into the thoughts. A good father is far from thinking always of his children, yet he ceases not to love them always, and to testify to the activity and strength of this love when occasions arise for doing or suffering aught for their sakes. It is a like charity which God asks of us,"

and that even during the recital of the divine office or of any vocal prayer whatever. It is firstly

"this continual prayer which he demands of us and which, since he is himself this charity which dwells in us, produces and continues in us a life and perpetual series of prayers . . . if we put no obstacle in the way."

The activists indeed are compelled to grant that a foregoing intention, which persists in a general sense and has at least not been retracted, imprints a vaguely religious character on the most distracted prayer. Thomassin goes much further. For him it is not only the remote intention, but also the attention which the most foolish interruptions may leave intact, but of the fine point.

"This will to prayer is itself a prayer, and not only an intention, but an attention. For to will to pray, and then from this will to produce the characters"—

even merely routine and, so to say, psittacist characters—

"of one who prays; to cast aside . . . all other occupations, not to stop voluntarily at other strange thoughts, to be

distressed at their emergence, never to give positive consent to them, by a religious regard for the presence of God, is itself attention."

Not so perfect, clearly, considered as attention, as that "which binds the will and the thoughts to the prayer"; but "although we must always endeavour after" this full attention,

"it is none the less always the case that the frailties of this present life do not allow us even to hope for a long-continued application to God. . . . It will be difficult to persuade oneself that, during these moments when the (surface) soul is distracted, it may be said to allow me to pray. . . . None the less it seems to me certain, and a thing which may evidently be concluded from all the principles which have been advanced above."

Good! and here is what justifies the more didactic and decisive scheme into which I am trying to confine this abundant thought, overflowing like a river. I do not attempt to fit it in either with my own humble views, or with the masters whom I consider as unanimous for it. If the presentation is my own—and it must be so—the inner coherence is his, perfectly reasoned and conscious. Let us also hold carefully to the implicit confidence which these last analyses impart to us. For him, peaceable of temperament, intelligence, and heart, as we see, a prayer sweetly fruitful in fine thoughts and devout affections was, I think, easier than for many others. But even he must have dozed occasionally amid the thousands of midges which buzzed in his vast memory. Simple distractions of the mind, he says politely, of that mind which returns like a mistral "from the ends of the world with the same speed as it had gone thither," but not distractions of the fine point of the soul.

"Even during the time of these involuntary distractions the soul of the just man hopes, desires and loves eternity," and still more the Eternal, Francis de Sales would add,

"and is urged thither by a great weight," a magnificent metaphor which Père Chardon is to develop for us,

"whence it comes that, as soon as it perceives the disorder of the imagination, it returns unhesitatingly to its duty. . . . Prayer, then, has by no means been discontinued, at any rate in the heart."

Sleep? No! "The intention of praying is actually in action here, since it always keeps the body respectful" and governs the movement of the lips. And returning to the practices of the Fathers of old,

"these good religious rose up at the end of the psalms, prostrated, adored God in spirit for a few moments only, so as not to be exposed to distraction or sleep. Here are two sorts of attention: the first (necessarily intermittent) to a lengthy psalmody; the second to a very short mental prayer, so that the mind may not be given leisure to wander. They were persuaded, then, that this perfect attention, free from distractions, can only be very short, but that the *complete prayer* does not fail to be very long."

To the words of the psalms they brought

"an attention of heart, of love . . . though not always of the mind and of thought."

This psalmody of the desert, however, a decisive stage in the development of the prayer of the office, is far from being in Thomassin's view a perfect realization of the idea or the ideal of prayer. I will go so far as to say that he sees in it rather the beginning of a deviation, a decline, a first step towards decadence. Even if at times he seems to us to border on paradox, a man so great and moreover so docile to the Church as he deserves to be heard when he sets before us his views, naïve and sublime in turn, of the history of prayer.

V—THE EVOLUTION OF PRAYER FROM PRIMITIVE TO MODERN TIMES

"The mental prayer of all the just of old before the Flood" was very like those short pauses of silent adoration, those flashes of pure prayer, so to speak, which we have admired in the Fathers of the Desert—silence of the lips, silence of the mind; an application of the depth of

the soul to God's presence. To-day, again, "the less spiritual folk . . . cannot help at times raising their eyes towards heaven, and admiring the sun and moon . . . as dumb preachers and proclaimers of the greatness of God." So the just of old, but with a fervour which we know no longer,

"when there was as yet no book of Holy Scripture, nor even the need of any, since the world was a book large, magnificent and splendid enough to fill and occupy them. This was Noe's mental prayer."

He knows nothing about it, you say? No more than we, but he possesses a metaphysical certainty, which is strangely absent from the modern "science of religion"—namely, that the religious feeling which created ritual, or disposed the first men to receive it from God's hands, preceded ritual, as pure prayer preceded vocal prayer. In place of the Psalter, then, they had "the book of the world," but enlightened by grace, sweetened by the promises. And this book they did not read alone. Until the time when the first formulas of prayer were drawn up,

"especially before Moses and Noe, God often manifested himself to the just; the angels were frequently received and entertained by them. That was a mental prayer worthy to be admired, and undoubtedly preferable to any kind of vocal prayer that can be thought of,"

notably to "Psalmody." Last came David and the Psalms, the means of imagining a more complete prayer, since the *Pater* had not yet been given. And yet, strangely enough, it does not seem that, in their religious exercises, "the faithful of the old Law made use of the Psalter." Prayer still remained almost pure, in the diffused state. "Little was known of what we should call concerted, artificial, methodical, regulated prayer." And why regret this, why even be surprised that it should be so? Nevertheless mental prayer was never

"commoner than in the ages furthest removed from our own. . . . For mental prayer may be made after various fashions. It was, in those first ages of the world, even as it is today, a mental prayer of great value to live in innocence and fear

of God . . . ; to love good, to hate evil, and all this even more in the preparation of the heart than in thought or conversation."

There is nothing to say: in a man who had read the modern mystics but little, and whose inner life, though fervent, presents nothing extraordinary, this kind of anti-activist obsession gives cause for reflection. We should need, however, more than malevolence to suspect him of quietism. If Thomassin, and Francis de Sales with him, is mistaken, we must find some other term to describe their error. He does not preach the abandonment of acts, being persuaded that acts are necessary to maintain life, or, better, that there is no true life that does not tend to blossom forth in acts.

"*To raise up [an act!] the thought and mind to God from time to time*, but never to let the heart be far from him; to have a sincere affection for all the virtues and to *make them bear fruit* when necessity or occasion arises, *although without giving them much thought at other times*; to live, to speak, to do all things in the presence of God, without wearying one's mind, *rather by a strong and lively habit of belief in him, of fear and love, than by interior acts which may include an element of constraint.*"

Such, then, was prayer before the Gospel. A prayer, not entirely without words, exterior or interior, for that is impossible, but a prayer the words of which do not fit into a fixed programme or formula of thought; which do not require an actual application of the understanding; actual words, as all are, but spontaneous, fugitive, hardly distinguished from the deep silence out of which they rise, and which engulfs them afresh almost before they are uttered.

And this is what the infallible Teacher of prayer meant to teach us. He does not inculcate "exclusion of words," but he reminds us that prayer is a special kind of speech, which is less an act than a state; the *Pater* is a formula, if you like, but has not the strictly intellectual, closed, constrained, explicit character of what we call a formula; a formula of life rather than of thought; a theme for contemplation rather than meditation.

"He taught them a prayer so short, and at the same time so divine, so full of wisdom and unction, that it is *almost* obvious that he taught it to them much less for the utterance of their lips,"

and their mind, much less to instil in us a precise action,

"than for them to bear it always written in their heart, by the worthiest of feelings and the purest of affections for God."

I will attempt with difficulty, following him, to explain what, by definition, is ineffable. He desires to make two things agree which at first sight seem contradictory: on the one hand, the command to pray always; on the other, the answer to the disciples who asked how one ought to pray; on the one hand, the *Pater* must be said; on the other, it cannot be said always. Whence it follows that the *Pater* both is and is not wholly a formula; that it is not so much the translation of an act as that of a state.

"That is the continual prayer which St. Paul requires of us."

I give him as I find him, turning awkwardly round and round a difficult problem. Moreover, I have not to defend him. I would like, however, to make the reader feel how naïve and pathetic at once his awkwardness is. We know the first origin of his problem, the difficulty of establishing—that is the whole of his book—a connection, necessary as it is, between the divine office and pure prayer—the former loaded with thoughts; the second which seems to drive away from itself, to withdraw from its own life, all active application of the mind. The recitation of the Psalter enchants the monk and poet in him, but distresses the philosopher. And it is to the latter that Our Lord himself seems to give the preference.

"You will allow me to say once more that when Christ was urged by the apostles to teach them to pray, he did not refer them to the Psalter."

A moving example of a fine intellectual anguish which comes up against an almost childish difficulty! There

is but one solution, for you will appreciate that he has no grudge against the recitation of the Psalter; to *deactualize*, if I may coin the word, the divine office as far as possible; to make of it a "mental prayer, a prayer of state."

The continuation of these glimpses of the evolution of prayer will appear neither less hazy nor less suggestive. One thing, however, he holds certain: during the first ages of the Church mental prayer is the leaven, the soul of every form of prayer, and of psalmody among the rest; in place whereof the Christian world has insensibly grown accustomed to a prayer in which mental prayer holds a smaller and smaller place, a prayer that grows less and less prayer.

"In vain do we imagine that the Fathers never commanded mental prayer, and that the practice thereof was unknown in past ages. That is only a deceptive appearance,"

founded on a misapprehension, and on the assimilation of mental to methodical prayer. It has been thought, indeed, that in the golden age of the Church mental prayer was unknown, because certain "appendages" were not joined to it: the Ignatian method it would seem, "with which it is difficult, and sometimes perhaps even dangerous, to dispense"—a queer concession, we may remark in passing, and one which perhaps might have led him to less categorical generalizations. However this may be,

"mental prayer has never been less known or less practised than in these latter ages, wherein some have taken the renewal of it which has grown up among pious persons for an innovation. It was never more widely known than in the times of the Church's first fervour."

That blessed time—the period when Atlantis flourished perhaps—did not as yet know either our methods or even our "formularies." We pray *sine monitore*, said Tertullian, *quia de pectore oramus semper*.

"The Holy Ghost who dwelt in the very depth of the heart was then that secret monitor who suggested to Christians the thoughts, the affections, and perhaps even the words

of which their prayers ought to be composed. . . . Afterwards . . . new formularies were written . . . for the use of the simple. . . . The unfortunate thing is that the faithful afterwards stopped at these vocal prayers, of which at last they made a kind of habit, often accompanied by insensibility, and mental prayer was restricted to religious communities and to fixed times."

All this seems not very profound, to say the least. He mixes things up a little.

"By an unhappy chance, interior piety having formed these prayers, and communicated them to the multitude of the faithful, to excite them to the same feelings . . . with time, become nothing but vocal prayers said with extreme haste and lack of devotion. In the happy ages *when mental prayer gave rise to vocal prayers*, it was from its own abundance that it produced them, and there was no reason to fear that it would become exhausted and dried up. But, in these latter days, we have hardly preserved the memory of that mental prayer from which all vocal prayers ought to spring, and to which they ought all to lead us back."

He would say the same of Psalmody, since it has ceased to be quickened by "that admirable mingling which the solitaries of old brought about," and of which Thomassin has already said so much. The canonical office is itself a ready-made prayer, and one that comes from the hand of God, but which, like other vocal prayers, ought to "spring up" in some wise from that mental prayer to which it ought likewise to "lead us back."

It is strange that Thomassin, in a panoramic view of this kind, mentions the "meditation" of the moderns merely in passing. This is perhaps because he intends to speak only of the divine office; perhaps also, and rather, because the literature familiar to him stops on the threshold of the early Middle Ages, before what we may call the bifurcation. There are not more than one or two allusions, and these not very enthusiastic—that, for example, where he asks whether by chance this bifurcation, which was perhaps brought about by the decay of vocal prayer, did not precipitate that decay.

" Those who at the present day make profession of special piety, make one or two hours of mental prayer each day, but it is to be feared that their . . . vocal prayers are accompanied with dryness and haste, whereas the psalmody of the ancients . . . was wholly interspersed with those instincts of love, those pious desires, those secret groanings whereof the holy Fathers have written."

He does not call in question the manifold advantages of the new practices, but he would have preferred, I fancy, that, without changing anything of the methods of the ancients, men had been content to restore the "connection" between vocal prayer and "mental prayer." That is why, of all modern innovations, he likes the Rosary best. There has been composed, he says,

"in the course of the ages a new kind of Psalter, wholly composed of repetitions of the *Pater*, *Ave* and *Credo*. It is only necessary to fortify the attention against the weariness this repetition may cause as it is to redouble it in reciting the *Psalter*, in those many places which have in them nothing clear, sweet, or touching save for those who are filled with the knowledge of the spiritual sense and can extract and suck the honey from the stone. . . . In what esteem ought we not to hold this new Psalter, made up as it is of two prayers which even the most ignorant know by heart, which they can recite with the greatest facility . . . and, by this means, have always in mind, heart and lips all that is greatest, holiest, most pious and touching in the New Testament and the Scriptures."

A most surprising passage, if we remember that it is found in a book that has been taken for an exclusive panegyric of liturgical prayer, and from the pen of a pious scholar who lived on intimate terms with Plato, the Fathers, and the Holy Scriptures. Yet these truly memorable lines provide us with a negative definition of prayer, the master-thought, the single inspiration of this fine and obscure treatise. Thomassin is not a restless, archaizing spirit, with a mad eagerness for reforms. Methodical meditation, the recitation of the divine office—he does not wish to upset any of the holy practices which the Church of his day approves and

commands. His single purpose, and that a very clear one, is to emphasize the essential element of all prayer, the acquiescence of the inmost soul in the continual prayer of the Spirit who dwells in us. And, himself a great intellectual, an enquirer, and a poet, he knew all the better for that, the temptation to confuse prayer with the efforts and joys of the understanding. He repeats again and again that neither its efforts nor its joys belong to the definition of prayer. And that is why, of the two supreme scourges of the interior life, psittacism and the predominance of intellectual over prayer-activity, the former troubles him much less than the latter. If it happens to the most religious that they can pray only with the lips, that is often only a mere appearance of psittacism. Though the surface is dead, the union beneath continues. While the mind, the harder it struggles, the further it takes us from that inmost region where this union, established by a few acts in which the will plays a greater part than the understanding, is continued without the need of ceaseless acts to renew it. And this again is why, although Thomassin does not give us his mind on this subject, the logic of his principles would lead him to prefer the recitation of the divine office to meditation in the strict sense. One would think at first sight that the latter, which is usually limited to dwelling upon a small number of quite ordinary thoughts, would interfere less than Psalmody with the passage from the surface activities to the mystical activities. In fact, what is richer, and consequently more absorbing for the mind, than our psalms, hymns, liturgical texts? Well, it is exactly this very richness, overwhelming and delightful as it is, that checks, if I may so say, and that almost automatically, the recital of the office. Plentiful or not, sublime or ordinary, he who meditates has the whole time to delve, to turn over on every side, in accordance with the rules of rhetoric—*quis, quid, ubi*—the themes he has proposed to himself. If he be zealous, the more this effort after full consideration costs him, the more he persists in it, whence it follows that the more he struggles with the distractions of the mind, the more free does he leave

the field for distractions of the heart—a good exercise in asceticism, but not in prayer. But nine or fourteen psalms, the lessons, hymns, responsories, would occupy several weeks for one who desired seriously to apply his mind line by line to such a tissue of marvels, and there is but one hour for the purpose. "I want to read the *Iliad* in three days," cried Ronsard one morning at his bedside. Come back three days later, and he will admit that a few scenes have been more than enough for him. Do we read the *Divine Comedy*, the *Thoughts* of Pascal, as we do a newspaper? It is true that in the case of the office we are bound to utter all the words. But to dwell on them, or even understand them, with any real understanding, line by line—who will ever persuade us that the Church expects of us this feat, more absurd even than impossible? We wish to do it, we think we do it, but in reality we do not. Moreover, it is better thus, for this very impossibility, freeing the mind from the close confinement it had at first imposed on it, invites and aids us to perform our true rôle, which is to make straight the way for the attention of the heart, and then give place to it. It does not determine, as it would do in the case of meditation, to delay this progressive retreat, of which it has only a confused knowledge, and which leaves it no remorse. And as here and there, in this increasing darkness, bright flashes issue from the text, the memory, which naturally recalls only these flashes, instinctively gathers them together into a single shining band, and convinces us that we have understood and relished the whole. Thus it is that, to use Thomassin's words, "pure mental prayer" easily finds and must find its way into the recitation of the office more easily than in meditation; or, to speak more exactly, with the mystics, Dom Baker for example, it is thus that, far from contradicting contemplation in the real sense, far even from being distinguished therefrom, the recital of the office prepares for it, calls for it, requires it, and is quite ready to be continued, to expand and to find its completion in it. How far more human and also more divine, more in conformity with the ineluctable laws of intellectual

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work, of poetic experience, and of prayer; how far more satisfying, liberating, and fruitful is this philosophy of vocal prayer, which Thomassin has so clearly outlined, but which he would have set forth with greater clearness and vigour if he had had a better knowledge of modern spiritual writers! We are glad that, in spite of his panhedonism and a few other stains, this fine book enables us to add Thomassin to the great Doctors of prayer; this fine book, I say, almost all of whose pages breathe the panmysticism of the other masters, since in the long run he desires only to show "mental prayer extending through everything."

HENRI BREMOND.

ART. 2.—SOME NOTES ON MR. SHAW'S "ST. JOAN"

THE main purpose of Mr. Shaw's *St. Joan* is to present a dramatic clash between the mediæval and the modern world. If that clash is to be dramatic, both worlds must be shown at their best. St. Joan's judges must be made to say everything that there is to be said for the mediæval world; St. Joan to say everything that there is to be said for the modern. Such a formula demands a large violence to history. How conscious Mr. Shaw is of the violence which he is doing, it is not always easy to see.

"St. Joan was condemned," says Mr. Shaw, "after a very careful and conscientious trial." And again, "Joan got a far fairer trial from the Church and the Inquisition than any prisoner of her type and in her situation gets nowadays in any official secular court; and the decision was strictly according to law." In the play itself the Inquisitor is allowed to boast that "we have proceeded in perfect order." And Cauchon is throughout made to appear, in contrast with the political Earl of Warwick, as the impartial servant of God, determined only that the justice of God shall not be mocked. The "corrupt job" of the Rehabilitation of 1456 is, from Preface to Epilogue, held up in contrast with the impartiality of the Trial.

It is true that Mr. Shaw seems himself to have some doubt of the virtues of the real Cauchon and the real Lemaître. "Although there is," he writes, "as far as I have been able to discover, nothing against Cauchon that convicts him of bad faith or exceptional severity in his judicial relations with Joan . . . yet there is hardly more warrant for classing him as a great Catholic Churchman, completely proof against the passions roused by the temporal situation. Neither does the Inquisitor Lemaître, in such scanty accounts of him as are now recoverable, appear quite so able a master of his duties and of the case before him as I have given him credit for being."

One does not wish to be captious. Yet, in strict language, St. Joan was not tried "before the Church" at

all. The Church, as Mr. Shaw elsewhere admits, was uncompromised by the decision.

Again, that "Cauchon was threatened and insulted by the English for being too considerate to Joan" is true, and Mr. Shaw does very well to bring it out, though he might also have brought out that Cauchon answered the threats by the not too judicial repartee that "We will have her yet." Mr. Shaw is right, too, to protest against the naïve, little-boy-at-a-conjurer's methods of Andrew Lang, who pounces with such delight upon every question of the Inquisitor and shouts out that it was "a trap." Yet Mr. Shaw's reading does not seem to have brought him across a most important piece of evidence, which goes far to destroy all eulogies upon the Trial. At least he alludes to it neither in the play nor the Preface. This evidence is that of the refusal of St. Joan's appeals to the Pope and the Council of Basle and the attempt to suppress record of those appeals.

The evidence for this is, I think, conclusive. Andrew Lang has collected it. St. Joan was condemned, according to the official account of her Trial, because of her refusal to submit to the judgement of the Church authorities the question of the truth of her visions. If such anarchy were to be allowed, the Inquisitor said, "men and women will arise everywhere, pretending to have divine and angelic revelations and sowing lies and errors in imitation of this woman."

What is the story?

During the preparatory inquiry on March 17 St. Joan had been asked whether she thought that her voices would desert her if she married.

"I know not," she answered, "and leave it to my Lord."

"Would you answer plainly to the Pope?" they asked.

"I summon you," she replied, "to take me to him, and I will answer all that it will be my duty to answer."

Again. On March 27 began the Trial proper. Of that Trial there is a French minute, and of the minute a Latin translation. In the Latin translation St. Joan is made to say: "I well believe that our Holy Father, the Pope of Rome, and the bishops and other churchmen are for the guardianship of the Christian faith and the punishment of

heretics, but as for me and my facts"—so Andrew Lang. The Latin is *factis*. "Things which have happened to me," "experiences" would be perhaps clearer—"but as for me and my facts, I will only submit to the Church of Heaven, to God, Our Lady, and the Saints in Paradise. I firmly believe that I have not erred in faith, nor would I err."

The Latin record here ends. The French contains two words more, "et requiert" "and summon."

"Requist" was the word which she had used ten days previously in her appeal to the Pope. Is it not probable that she had here repeated that appeal and that Cauchon had ordered record of it to be suppressed?

If Mr. Shaw's admiration for Cauchon will not allow him to believe this, then he has to explain away the two other stories of St. Joan's appeal to the Council of Basle. Among the doctors who, on April 10, were to approve of the Twelve Articles against St. Joan, of which the twelfth said that "she refuses to submit her conduct and revelations to the Church," was a Dominican, Isambart de la Pierre. Isambart de la Pierre had been present during the Trial as one of St. Joan's assessors, and, at the time of her Rehabilitation, he deposed that he had one day advised her to submit to the General Council at Basle.

"What is the General Council?" she had asked.

"It is the Congregation of the Universal Church and of Christendom and therein are as many of your party as of the English."

"Oh!" she cried, "since there are some of our side in that place, I am right willing to submit to the Council of Basle."

"Hold your tongue in the devil's name!" cried Cauchon, and commanded the notary not to record this appeal. Jeanne said that they wrote what was against her, not what was in her favour."

It might be objected, of course, that de la Pierre at the Rehabilitation was anxious only to save his skin and to throw all the odium on to the dead Cauchon. There would be much plausibility in such an objection. Yet, if a liar, de la Pierre was not a very competent one. Even on his own story he cuts no very noble figure. For the more certainly that he knew of St. Joan's appeal, the larger

was his baseness in approving afterwards of the Twelve Articles.

Yet de la Pierre's story is not uncorroborated. Manchon, the clerk, also tells that de la Pierre, Ladvenu (St. Joan's friend in Mr. Shaw's play), and La Fontaine advised her to appeal to the Council of Basle, and that the next day she did so. Cauchon, discovering who had been her advisers, was furious. La Fontaine had to flee, and de la Pierre and Ladvenu were in great danger of death.

It is true that Manchon does not go on to tell of the falsified record—for an obvious reason, since he himself was secretary of the Trial.

It seems probable, then, on the whole, that Andrew Lang is right—that the expurgation contained record of a second appeal to the Council of Basle, a record which was suppressed. Yet the point is not vital. One appeal is enough for our argument. If you prefer it, reject as impossibly corrupt all evidence given at the Rehabilitation—the whole story of de la Pierre, the whole story of Manchon. It still remains certain both that the official record of the Trial was tampered with and that even the tampered record contained evidence of an appeal to the Pope, made on March 17. It is as certain that, just before her abjuration, St. Joan said: "I have told you, Doctors, that all my deeds and words should be sent to Rome to our Holy Father, the Pope, to whom, and to God first, I appeal." "The Pope is too far," they had replied.

It is clear, then, that St. Joan was a better Catholic than her accusers. She recognized, where they refused to recognize, the authority of the Pope. Yet it is by no means as certain as Mr. Shaw seems to think that, even had she refused to accept the Pope's judgement, she would have been a heretic. She would have been guilty, doubtless, of a certain disobedience and lack of respect for authority. That is a very different thing.

Mr. Shaw, in his Preface, rightly reminds his readers that Papal Infallibility is not unconditioned. It is conditioned by its own nature. The Pope is infallible when he speaks "*ex cathedra* on matters of faith and morals and to the whole world." He speaks then with the voice of

God. But it is not only through His Popes that God speaks. He also gives to certain chosen people direct mystical experience. Nor has the Church any right *a priori* to deny the validity of a direct Divine message which any person claims to have received. Because a claim is made it is not, it is true, necessarily valid. "By their fruits ye shall know them." If, as a result of revelation which pretends to be Divine, a person ascribes to God a purpose different in any way from that which the Church teaches Him to possess, then the Church has the right to condemn that pretended revelation. If the revelation is not itself heretical, the Church claims no right to deny that it is from God. Of the fact that the voices spoke to her St. Joan alone could know. Her distinction between questions of faith and questions of fact was perfectly valid and much better theology than any that was opposed to her.

However corrupt may have been the judges at the Rehabilitation, however true it may be that the Rehabilitation was only a "political job" whose object was to justify Charles VII, yet those judges were at least able enough to realize the strength of St. Joan's argument. "In the case of a fact," they said—as I have already explained, I should prefer to translate the Latin by "experience"—"in the case of a fact which only the percipient knows for certain, no mortal has the right to make him disavow what he knows beyond possibility of doubt. . . . To deny a fact which we know to be certain beyond doubt, though others do not know it, is to lie and is forbidden by Divine law; it is to go against our conscience." Again, "If Jeanne received revelations from God, it was not reasonable to bid her abjure them, especially as the Church does not judge concerning hidden things. She had a perfect right to refuse to abjure . . . she followed the special law of inspiration which exempted her from the common law. . . . Even if it be doubted whether her inspiration came from good or evil spirits, as this is a hidden thing, known of God only, the Church does not judge."

Mr. Shaw has seen in the Trial of St. Joan a dramatic conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism. It will not do. The fable was old when Andrew Lang wrote,

and Andrew Lang has destroyed it. "St. Joan," writes Mr. Shaw, "was, in fact, one of the first Protestant martyrs." He praises the "magnificently Catholic gesture" of "the canonization of a Protestant saint by the Church of Rome." This is journalese, and we must fear the journalist, even when he brings us compliments.

God speaks to man in two ways. He speaks through the regular mechanism of the Church which He has founded. He speaks directly to chosen individuals. It suits the symmetry of Mr. Shaw's mind to call the one way the Catholic way and the other the Protestant. This is false. Both ways are Catholic ways. Does Mr. Shaw really imagine that St. Joan was either the first or the last Catholic to possess channels by which to learn the Will of God other than that of the regular dogmatic pronouncements of the Church? May one not remind him of his own brilliant *mot* in *John Bull's Other Island*, "Whatever the blessed St. Peter was crucified for, it was not for being a Protestant"? His formula is one which would make a Protestant of St. Francis, of St. Theresa, even—to reduce it to utter absurdity—of St. Ignatius Loyola himself; it would, in fact, make the virtue of sanctity an exclusively Protestant virtue.

Again, Mr. Shaw rightly enough reminds us several times that it is impossible to write of St. Joan without understanding the Church of the Middle Ages. One is tempted to add that it is impossible to write of the Church of the Middle Ages—that is, of the thirteenth century—without understanding how different an institution it was from the Church of the early Renaissance, or fifteenth century, at whose hands St. Joan suffered, and that the stake was a common weapon of the latter, but not of the former. However, let that be. It is an argument about words. More important is it to realize how far Mr. Shaw has failed and how far succeeded in his task. He must be praised for conscientiousness. He is one of the few popular writers who realize clearly that the united Europe before the Renaissance and the divided Europe after the Reformation were two different sorts of society and that it is childish to judge one by the standards

of the other. Such a realization at once raises his work above the merely red-nosed comedy of Mark Twain. Yet at the same time one must be careful when one agrees with the dictum that Mr. Shaw's study of St. Joan has shown him how much he has in common with the Church. It is not really true. He has not discovered that he is, to some extent, a Catholic. He has merely discovered that, five hundred years ago, the Church was, to some extent, by anticipation Shavian. There is in him no readiness to submit the Will. There is no demand to use the Reason. Without these two things there can be no Catholicism.

The truth of this can be shown from his attitude to the supernatural. He believes in the supernatural no more than did Hume or Matthew Arnold or Huxley. He differs from them only because time has made him a little more of a sceptic. He is willing to admit that the laws of nature are a bit queerer than people in the last century had taken in. Where they said that "miracles do not happen," he says that miracles do sometimes happen but that they are not miracles. Neither they nor he dream of saying that miracles are miracles. Such a confession would be, to quote a phrase from *Back to Methuselah*, a confession of faith in "a disorderly God."

Let us take instances. St. Joan, according to Mr. Shaw, heard voices, but that was only because of a "vividly dramatic" imagination, and such imagination, he is careful to explain, is "not a whit more miraculous" than the most normal and prosaic of calculations. She was "a Galtonic visualizer." One might have hoped that Mr. Shaw would have risen superior to this extraordinary formula by which a miracle ceases to be a miracle if only you can call it after a Don. What on earth have you explained by merely stroking your beard and remarking wisely, "Ah, Galtonic visualization, I perceive"?

Mr. Shaw "cannot believe" that "three ocularly visible well-dressed persons" came to visit St. Joan. If he cannot, he cannot. But what does Galtonic visualization explain? The Galtonic theory of visualization records the observed fact that, when people either expect or greatly desire a certain sensation, they are apt to have the illusion that they

have received that sensation. A familiar illustration is that of the audience at a concert. If a violinist passes his bow across the face of his instrument at the conclusion of his piece, most people, say the supporters of this theory, imagine that they have heard one more note than has, in fact, been played.

I am willing enough to believe this. But unless Mr. Shaw can show that St. Joan expected a vision from St. Catharine before St. Catharine appeared to her, it clearly is no explanation of her voices. Anatole France has attempted to show that she did expect some such thing—and a very poor attempt it is. Mr. Shaw has not made the attempt. Without it the scientific phrase is merely a piece of pedant's bluff.

How, then, are the voices to be explained? "There are forces at work which use individuals for purposes . . ." "There is an appetite for evolution." "There is a superpersonal need."

Such language comes perilously near to the dreadful metaphors of Mr. Wells, when he speaks of life "using" him. For whose purposes? What is an appetite for evolution? For whose evolution? For the evolution of what into what? What is a superpersonal need? Who is the superperson who needs? Happiness is the end of Man, and the longing of a St. Francis for the Beatific Vision is a need no more superpersonal than the desire of a drunkard for a public-house. Happiness is the end of Man, and a happiness which is vaguely floating about, although nobody in particular is happy, is unworthy nonsense.

As irritating is Mr. Shaw's hesitating accusation that the Church was in St. Joan's time deeply corrupted "by primitive Calibanism (in Browning's sense), or the propitiation of a dreaded deity by suffering and sacrifice." Caliban thought that a powerful God spent His time in giving pain to others. The Christian believes that an all-powerful God in humility consented to suffer pain Himself. Mr. Shaw has, if he wishes, the right to think such a notion nonsense. He has not the right to slip past an argument with a phrase—an irritating little habit of his. One does not wish to be either irreverent or unfair.

But his complaint really is not against Caliban, but against Christ. It is that Christianity has never quite recovered from the accident of being founded by Jesus Christ—a misfortune which prevented the Church of the fifteenth century from understanding more than the tag-ends of the philosophy of Samuel Butler.

Yet, so long as Mr. Shaw keeps his opinions to his Preface, we have perhaps no great cause of complaint against him. It is different when he puts them into the mouths of his fifteenth-century characters. Of this fault there are many instances. There is his treatment of St. Joan's miracles. These "miracles" were, in his opinion, but curious coincidences. The hens began to lay eggs as soon as Robert de Baudricourt agreed to conduct St. Joan to the Dauphin. The wind changed as soon as she appeared to Dunois. It is well enough, but one has only to turn to the conscientious record of free-thinking Quicherat in order to see that the miracles of St. Joan are by no means all such as can be thus easily laughed away. Take, for instance, the story of the child of Lagny. St. Joan herself believed that the child was dead, that by the prayers of herself and others it was for a little time brought back again to life and was thus able to be baptized and to be buried in holy ground.

The objections of the *advocatus diaboli* to such a story it is easy to guess. Such scepticism it is very right to respect, for it is rare to meet with anything so respectable as scepticism. My complaint against Mr. Shaw is not that he treats this story as a sceptic would treat it. Anatole France treated it as a sceptic would treat it, but Mr. Shaw does not treat it at all. He merely leaves it out, telling us instead about eggs and the wind. Such a method, in one who is professing to make alive the fifteenth century, is as bad as any method can be. For it at once gives us a wholly false picture of all those people in the fifteenth century who believed that St. Joan could work miracles. Such people may have been wrong, but at least they were not idiots. What they believed, they believed on very solid evidence and not, as Mr. Shaw would have it, on the hearsay of a couple of silly nursery-tales.

So obsessed is his mind with the idea that only very simple people can believe in miracles that, when he has to present any character of intelligence, he is at pains to show that that person believed in miracles only in the Shavian and not in the Catholic sense.

"They come from your imagination," he makes Robert de Baudricourt say of St. Joan's voices.

"Of course," says St. Joan. "That is how the messages of God come to us."

Now if the voices were the product of imagination, they did not exist objectively, whether St. Joan listened to them or not. It is certain that St. Joan, rightly or wrongly, believed that they did exist objectively.

Again Mr. Shaw puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of Rheims a characteristically Shavian defence of miracles.

"A miracle, my friend," he is made to say, "is an event which creates faith. That is the purpose and nature of miracles. They may seem very wonderful to the people who witness them and very simple to those who perform them. That does not matter: if they confirm or create faith, they are true miracles." "An event which creates faith does not deceive; therefore it is not a fraud, but a miracle." "To do that, the Church must do as you do: nourish faith by poetry."

Mr. Shaw has done well to insist upon that healthy, vigorous, continuing thing, Catholic anti-clericalism. I have no objection at all to his depicting an Archbishop as a blackguard. More likely than not he is right. Many an Archbishop has been perfectly capable of staging a fraudulent miracle. My only objection is to that particular defence of the fraud. Such a defence, such a desire to have the advantages of a miracle without suffering the inconveniences of a God, reeks of the Rationalist Press. It is of the twentieth century. It would have been as impossible in the fifteenth as would a motor-bicycle and side-car.

Of all these anachronisms the most offensive comes in the Epilogue, where the English priest, de Stogumber, who had been before St. Joan's burning a violent persecutor but had by it been shocked into kindness, is made

to say, "It was not Our Lord that redeemed me, but a young woman I saw actually burned to death."

The Christian theory of the redemption is that Man, born in sin, was brought back into a possibility of companionship with God by God's death upon the Cross. If such a theory is nonsense, if it is, as Mr. Shaw would say, Calibanism, then it is nonsense, and he ought to leave it alone. But if it is meaningless to say that Man could be redeemed by the sacrifice on Calvary, it is far more meaningless to say that he could be redeemed by the sacrifice at Rouen. That a callous person may be shocked into kindness by seeing the sufferings of a noble saint, nobly borne, is perfectly true, but has nothing on earth to do with redemption. And why Mr. Shaw should jeer at us if we use the language of redemption in context in which it has a meaning and then himself use it in context in which it is the vulgarest rhetoric, it is hard to see. If we are muddle-headed fools, cannot he let us alone and describe his own superior emotions in his own superior language, instead of rejecting our metaphysics and then stealing our metaphors?

We have further quarrels with Mr. Shaw's history—quarrels which it would take too long to substantiate. He has, I think, misstated the relations between the Church and feudalism. It is true that in the feudal period the Church's organization became partly feudalized. The relation of bishop to Pope, or of priest to bishop, took upon it certain of the marks of the relation of a tenant to his lord. This was the accident, not the essence, of ecclesiastical organization. The ecclesiastical organization existed before feudalism and survived after it. In one main province of Catholic Europe, Spain, feudalism never truly established itself at all.

Again, Mr. Shaw harps throughout upon the familiar joke that the English are natural heretics. There is no evidence that this is true of pre-Reformation England. The English were vigorous, indeed, in their resistance to papal financial exactions, which is a wholly different affair. Doctrinally the English was the most obedient of all the provinces of Europe. The Albigensian heresy, for instance,

got no footing there at all. Nor can the accidents of sixteenth-century despotism justify Mr. Shaw in drawing any general parallel between the development of royal power against feudal authority and the development of Protestant criticism against ecclesiastical authority.

Yet these are all but minor points which lead up to the general complaint against the defence of the Inquisition which Mr. Shaw puts into the mouth of the Inquisitor. That defence is not a defence of the Inquisition at all. It is a very brilliant and lucid defence of the Fascist State. There is in it no hint of supernatural religion nor of "a kingdom that is not of this world." The Inquisitor's appeal is to "the accumulated wisdom of the Church." "What will the world be like when the Church's accumulated wisdom and knowledge and experience, its council of learned, venerable, pious men, are thrust into the kennel by every ignorant labourer or dairymaid?" "The new heresy," he says again, "sets up the private judgement of the single erring mortal against the considered wisdom and experience of the Church." In such arguments there is force. But they are not, in the last resort, the Church's argument for her infallibility. She claims infallibility because her voice is the voice of God. If that claim is false, her conduct is unjustifiable. And if he cannot but believe it false, then all Mr. Shaw's attempts to justify her conduct, brilliant, able, honest though he is, must necessarily end in failure.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.

ART. 3.—AN IRISH SCHOOLBOY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE remembrance of penal times brings to mind the forfeitures, imprisonments, and martyrdoms suffered by our Catholic forefathers. But the particular form of persecution by means of which so deadly a work was accomplished in our country—namely, the stamping out of Catholic education—is less vividly present to us because, in a sense, less dramatic. Yet it pressed more suffocatingly upon the Church than all the rest. Martyred priests were followed by stealthy successors to their places of ignominy in this world and glory in the next; laymen, beggared by fines, carried their faith into poverty and oblivion; but the handing on of that faith to one rising generation after another became a matter of greater and ever greater difficulty.

A vivid reflection of that struggle is to be found in the letters and journals of William Blundell, preserved at his home, Crosby Hall in Lancashire, which is still in the possession of his descendants.

In 1658, during one of the seven terms of imprisonment which he suffered for his faith, he had for his companion young Richard Butler, the eldest son and heir of the Lord Mountgarret of that day. When both were liberated, young Butler found himself without money and far from his family in Ireland, he having been incarcerated in Liverpool while on his way to his home in Kilkenny. William Blundell scraped up enough money to pay the young man's debts, and took him back with him to Crosby, until such time as his relatives were able to supply his travelling expenses. There among the Squire's nine growing daughters he chose the eldest, Emelia, to be his bride, and subsequently married her despite the opposition of both families—for the Squire feared the implication that he had taken advantage of his young guest's distress to arrange an advantageous match for his daughter, and the Mountgarrets looked to their eldest son to repair their fortunes by taking a well endowed partner.

The difficulties of the young couple were increased as

the years passed by the impossibility of educating their sons in Ireland. As in the past, Richard Butler had recourse to his father-in-law, and sent the two elder boys to him at Crosby when they were aged respectively twelve and thirteen.

Among his contemporaries William Blundell held a considerable reputation as a scholar, and indeed his writings prove that he took full advantage of the education which he had secretly received from the Jesuits in hiding.

The following delightfully human letter to his son-in-law introduces us to his grandsons.

*William Blundell to the Honble. R. Butler, Esq.,
at Kilkenny.*

January 19, 1676.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

Your kind acknowledgements of the small service I have done you are thankfully accepted and with a wish to serve you better. I do assure myself I have little cause to doubt but that both your sons, which you are pleased to trust in my hands, are like to be able scholars, if they want not means to learn or (however the matter fall) right disposed men. The younger in truth is lively, and hath a giddy airy way: yet do we now full well understand each other and I find him exceeding tractable as any heart could wish. Edmund is much more staid, and in things that please him, studious; yet in hard and knotty studies he is, with some more difficulty, persuaded to tug. I must call it indeed a tug for a child before thirteen years old and a half, twice to read over unto me and to render a laudable account (as Edmund your son hath done) of the commentaries of Julius Cæsar in Latin; concerning his wars in Gaul. Yet am I sorry so hopeful a youth should not spend his time much better and in a better place. He is almost a man's stature. And I would have him to dance and fence and speak Latin and French readily, and see the world. We are here so far from speaking good Latin that our English is almost barbarous. You may find us now and then up to the ears in Plutarch, in a hot dispute

whether Alexander the Great or Cæsar was the braver man. And perhaps within an hour or two after, this gallant fair young disputant will be up to the knees in the brambles, in the head of a whole regiment of pitiful tatterdemalions beating to start a hare. I blame not, but pity him for it. He hath seldom better company wherewith to divert himself. And yet to my great admiration, he contracts as little rusticity as any I have ever met with in so hard a case. He is even too much delighted as well in reading of plays as in English history wherein he is notably cunning. And whatever he hath learned of me, even from the first to the last (as I do religiously and faithfully assure you), hath been without the help of a rod. I have found other ways to excite him when I thought it was needful to do it.

Sir he calls upon you now to change the scene. I wish you would soon provide him a better tutor and approve of these past and best endeavours of

Your affectionate friend and servant

WILL: BLUNDELL.

CROSBY, 1676.

The following letter reveals that in the next year enough money was scraped together to provide schooling abroad for the eldest boy, although not at the Jesuit college of La Flêche, to which his grandfather so intensely desired to send him.

To Pears Butler, Esq., at London.

July 16, 1677.

SIR,

My son will present unto you with this, your kinsman, the young heir of the much impaired fortunes of the house of Mountgarret. If he live till tomorrow morning he will be fourteen years of age: yet his stature shows him to be fitter for a French academy than a private grammar school. We had indeed intended to send him at the least to La Flêche but the principal verb being wanting, we must strike our sails. A foreign Latin school is the most we are able to reach to, and even the charge of that must pinch his poor father at home. If my Lord

would allow him as much as his Lordship's younger son may spend upon the less material concern of his running horses, this youth may be yet a gentleman qualified according to the honour. At present what good or ill he hath has been gotten here with me in the obscurer part of the nation. And now it is more than time to be brushing away the rust. Yet his own capacity is such that he is able to render in English a substantial author in Latin.

I write these things and present the youth unto you by reason of your near relation, as well in affection as in blood, to that honorable family. For which, and for your many greater virtues I have strong engagements to rest

Your servant to love and honour you for ever

W. B.

CROSBY, 1677.

By the same messenger the writer addressed this familiar little note to his great friend, Richard Langhorne, who was destined to receive the martyr's crown two years later.

To R. L. (Richard Langhorne), Esq.,
Councillor at Law.

July 14, 1677.

DEAR SIR,

This honest plain bearer is my son, a father of many children and condemned as his own father before him, to the plough and care; more happy only in this, that he is less acquainted with London. He will present unto you a youth [marginal note: Edmund Butler], who hath cost you the study of more than a hundred hours to contrive a fortune for him.

These two pieces of *me* are yours by a very good title because I am wholly

Your own
W. B.

CROSBY, 1677.

William Blundell's property had been sequestered during the Civil War, when he fought on the King's side;

he had bought it back through the agency of non-Catholic friends, and thenceforward, to the end of his harassed life, he struggled with debt and poverty, paying his weekly fines for non-attendance at the Protestant Church, and bearing the burden of the double taxes laid upon Catholics. No lightening of the horizon was visible to the faithful at that date. Indeed, the following year (1678) saw persecution renewed with almost Elizabethan rigour, as a consequence of the machinations of Titus Oates.

The education of two sons for the priesthood abroad, the provision of marriage portions, or dowries as nuns for his daughters, left no margin to the thus much reduced income which the Squire could get from his land; no separate establishment could be provided for his eldest son, whom he describes as "condemned as his own father before him, to the plough and care."

But when it comes to introducing Edmund Butler to the masters under whom he was to study—priest exiles, some of whom were relatives of the family, one of them William Blundell's son Thomas—the anxious grandfather plies a candid pen. His cousin, Francis Nevill, was Rector of the school at Flamsteed in Flanders.

"Good Cousin," he writes to him, "my grandson Edmund Butler is preparing for Flamsteed and your employment there being well-known unto me I think it fit rather to address myself to you than to his uncle there; in regard especially that his entrance into a fit school (as the case stands now with him) will much conduce to the affecting of all that which his friends desire. I will tell you anon what that is, and I will tell you what *he* is now. . . . Sir he is a wretched compounder of Latin and even in English too he hath a careless slubbering pen. He knows not much of his grammar and little or nothing of Greek besides his letters. His mind is wonderfully drawn aside with every little object which would nothing distract another, and he is a better observer of men than of his grammar rules. His vocal expression you will presently find to be bad, and his voice being now a-breaking is more harsh (I hope) than it will be. What will you think of me

now if I shall ask you to place this scholar in your grammar school? Yet some good things he hath which you will hardly think consistent with the bad I have told you. I take him to be sufficiently studious, obedient and humble, indifferently disposed in the gross, but not tenderly affected to virtue yet very desirous of learning, and above all things else to spend some years at Flamsteed. . . . This I may add however that after a very few years French must be preferred by him even before his Latin, and English before them both; yet now, and then, and always, virtue will be worth them all. God grant he may gain it at Flamsteed in a great degree. . . .

"I have another of the young Butlers who will be treading on his brother's heels. He is like to have a dexterous pen, and though he be waggish and giddy at present, yet I trust you may see him do better things elsewhere within a year or two.

"This monstrous letter of mine doth quite confound me. Make use of all your patience. You know not the pinching cares of an aged and timorous parent. Do not forget but forgive it and love

"Your loving though troublesome kinsman
"W. B."

We next meet the student, Edmund Butler, three years later, when his grandfather, having himself conducted the younger boy, Richard, to Flamsteed, was able to carry out his cherished dream and place the elder at the more advanced Jesuit college of La Flêche. His son-in-law had, in the interval, succeeded to his father's title and to seven or eight thousand acres in Ireland, which were let at half-a-crown an acre.

"With which," wrote William Blundell from La Flêche in November, 1680, to his son Thomas, "they make shift to provide the most important superfluities as coach, liveries, etc. . . . They do please themselves with a hope to recover some of their lands. In the meantime, although they be sufficiently pinched they are little in debt. . . . Their only surviving children are three hopeful sons. The eldest who is here with me, is much pleased with his book,

and I am no less pleased with him for that and for other good reasons. He read, since our coming hither in August, Barclay's *Argenis* entirely, with great content and facility, and after Quintus Curtuis to the middle of the last book. But when he had brought the great conqueror to his grave, he found himself in a sort, to have one foot in it. He was seized just then by a fever which ended in a terrible small-pox, yet, praised be God, he hath received a perfect cure, and the blemish not greatly considerable. On Monday, the 28th of the last, he received his first admittance into the logic schools."

Thomas Blundell was then teaching philosophy at Flamsteed, and the concluding passage of the long letter just quoted is a delightful reference to the writer's own boyhood.

After retailing all the family news which might interest his brother-in-law, the Rev. H. Haggerston, also a priest at Flamsteed, he proceeds:

"Once more I say give my hearty love and service to your uncle my old and dear acquaintance. As for Cousin Francis Nevill, he is now a great deal more reverend than twenty-one years ago when last I saw him. Yet notwithstanding my own age and his present gravity I think if we ever meet again in this world we shall travel in speculation over a great part of the same. Our travels here in France I find to be slow and chargeable. He and I in former times had the knack to pass in an instant as far as Japan and China and immediately back to the famous Isle of Wet-Wholesome in our Mediterranean Sea; but now I have another journey to think on that will be longer and more speedy than this."

Little Nicholas Blundell, the youngest descendant of William Blundell, now mounts on a sofa which immediately becomes a Rolls-Royce car in which he drives to London and back in a trice. He conjures up as he goes pictures that were inconceivable to his ancestor, but he makes use of the same immortal gift which transported the little playmates of centuries ago to the Far East—the undefeatable imagination of childhood.

In William Blundell's next letter, referring to his grandson, the youth of another age than ours stands more clearly before us. For a matter other than Edmund Butler's education now occupies his solicitous grandparent.

"My Lord," he writes to his son-in-law from Paris in September, 1681, "I have left your eldest son at La Flêche under the government of Mr. Washington, an English lay gentleman of good parts and reputation. About the end of the next July he will, by God's assistance, be able to defend his philosophy with great applause and then he may leave the schools. I say with great applause by reason that notwithstanding a terrible small pox and the relics of a long quartan ague which hung upon him in logic this last year, there was not one secular person in school that could gain an advantage over him. Since he grew to be strong and healthful he hath improved himself in dancing and fencing too. I think it will be needful for him to spend five or six months in some Academy, to manage the great Horse, before he take leave with France. My Lord, you have reason from this son of yours to hope for excellent good things, and it seems to me that the fortunes of your much injured family may in good measure be repaired by matching him well. If your Lordship will be pleased for the advancement of so hopeful a son, to divest yourself of a power, or of the greatest part of a power (which I hope you will never need to make use of) for the jointure of a second wife, and other provisions by charges out of your lands, you may render your son capable of a considerable fortune. As the matter stands now with him I shall not have the confidence to propose him as a husband to any of those good fortunes which I have inquired out. Your Lordship formerly committed his education to me which hath hitherto succeeded well, and you have given me leave to match him when I judge it fit. I do earnestly beg from your Lordship as a favour to so good a son, and in requital of the pains I have taken, that you will now make him capable of a fortune, otherwise my hands will be tied so that I shall be able to act no more. The favour I beg in this is less than what I freely granted at the marriage of

my own son, being then much younger than now your Lordship is. I renounced all power whatsoever for a jointure to a second wife.

"When your Lordship calls to mind that I have not been an useless instrument to preserve the remaining fortune of your honorable house, and that the travail and pain I have taken for these twenty years last past have more related to your interest than to the profit of myself or family, I trust you will heartily grant my earnest suit and not by any unkind denial, leave my spirit much dejected and your son in such a state as will keep him forever low. Your lady's health and comfort will be greatly concerned in this, and I do confidently believe there is not one person living in the world who, without self ends, is a lover of and a true friend to your family, that will not wish, in your son's behalf, the thing which I now do sue for. If it shall please your Lordship to honour me with a favourable return to this, my good friend Mr. Paget, who counts every step I take, will transmit your letter to me wheresoever I am and thereby you will much oblige

"Your Lordship's ancient friend

"Your humble and faithful servant

"W. B."

The importance attached to his passing through an academy for horsemanship, the deep-thought plans for his "matching" at the age of seventeen, remove the young sufferer from a "quartan ague" far indeed from our own time.

He was not, however, willing to allow himself to be matrimonially disposed of without having a voice in the matter. A letter is preserved at Crosby written the following year from La Flêche by him to his great-aunt, Frances Blundell, who presided over Lord Mountgarret's household in the interval between his first wife's death in that year (1682) and the second marriage which William Blundell had so earnestly but vainly exhorted him to renounce.

"... As for my marriage," writes Edmund, "I have this maxim never to engage myself without my friends'

consent, nor never to suffer them to engage me without mine. If an advantageous match be offered me I shall not be adverse from it, but the pretended one doth so little please me, that I would rather lead a single life twenty years than stoop for the double fortune. The next post I shall write to my father and let him know I shall expect his orders at Paris where I shall be within fifteen days. When I shall have news of him I shall let you know it and beg your advice which I hope the memory of my dearest mother will not suffer you to refuse to him who is, most dear Aunt

“Your loving and obedient nephew to serve you
“E. SELBY.”

All the Catholic students abroad passed under assumed names in order that their parents might escape the imposition of the hundred pounds fine exacted in England for the offence of educating children at Catholic foreign colleges, and also because persons so educated were not allowed to inherit anything—neither money, lands, nor goods.

Edmund retained his affection for his mother's people. Indeed, there is a spirited postscript to the letter just quoted.

“The last lines of your first letter oblige me to write this postscript. You tell me you will never leave me if I do not forsake you as some now do; truly dear Aunt those that can suspect any such thing of me must needs think me the most ungrateful person in the world. If I were not concerned to find my own flesh and blood concerned, I should desire to know him that is so base as to show himself disrespectful to you, but let him be who he will he shall never have my esteem except he merit it by your friendship.”

Evidently the shadow of Miss Shee, who was to be his stepmother, had already fallen upon the impoverished Irish household.

In 1689 Edmund was made a prisoner during the Irish wars, and William Blundell was about the same time thrown into prison in Liverpool, together with many other Catho-

lics, suspected solely on account of their faith of being sympathetic to the Stuarts' cause.

"It is certain that confinement is unpleasing to anyone," wrote the grandson from his prison to the grandfather, "but when I consider that imprisonment may in a manner be termed my inheritance, my father, grandfather and almost all my ancestors having undergone it for their Master's sake, I think I have no reason to repine at my lot but to be better satisfied than to have purchased my liberty either by blotting my family with cowardice or any other baseness. Sir my circumstances are such that you know it is not fit for me to write you news, neither do I know whether it would be safe for you to receive any. The rest of my letter must be to beg the favour of you to let me hear from you as soon as you can. Direct your letters to me at Londonderry and send them by post to London. I do very much desire to know how it has fared with all our friends in these times. . . . I fear if you have been obliged to undergo any hardships it has agreed ill with your age."

Whether Edmund Butler's bride was finally selected by himself or his father or grandfather is not revealed in the Crosby papers. Indeed, his name only appears once more in a letter written in November, 1694, by good Mistress Frances Blundell to his stepmother, in which she rejoices that her "dear nephew Butler" had "waived" his expected visit to Crosby "rather than to have been a spectator or unhappily sharer in the late troubles and afflictions of this poor family."

A few months earlier the pursuivants had made the last of their raids on Crosby to take place in William Blundell's lifetime, and, finding that the Squire's age precluded his mounting a horse and riding with them to be imprisoned, they had, with the justice which was considered good enough for the Catholics of that day, made a prisoner of his son instead.

As far as the Crosby papers tell his story, when Edmund Butler in that year "waived" his visit to Crosby and rode on his way to London, he passed out of the history of the Blundell family.

MARGARET BLUNDELL.

ART. 4.—THE PROBLEM OF NEANDERTHAL MAN

ZOOLOGISTS tell us that man belongs to the order *Primates* of the group *Eutheria* of the class *Mammalia* of the great sub-kingdom of the Vertebrates. The inclusion of man in one order with the apes and lemurs, or *Prosimiae*, dates from the time of Linnæus, who also included the bat among the Primates. This animal has now, however, been transferred to the order *Cheiroptera*. Some of the older naturalists, such as Cuvier and Owen, separated man from the apes or *Quadrumana*, and included him in a separate order, that of the *Bimana*, on the ground of the non-opposability in him of the *hallux*, or great toe. But modern authorities do not, as a rule, consider that man's lack of a prehensile foot is of such moment as to justify his being placed in a separate order from the apes. Flower and Lydekker recognize two suborders of Primates, the *Anthropoidea*, including man and the apes, and the *Lemuroidea*. The terms *Quadrumana* and *Bimana* have not yet, however, been completely discarded, and some zoologists admit three suborders of Primates—the *Bimana*, the *Quadrumana*, and the lemurs. Of the Anthropoidea other than man there exist four or five families: the *Hapalidae* or marmosets; the *Cebidae* or flat-nosed apes of the New World other than marmosets; the *Cercopithecidae* or long-tailed apes of the Old World; and the great apes. Of these last there exist one or two families, according as whether the Gibbon is included among the *Simiidæ* or treated as constituting a separate family. Of the large apes, the Gorilla and the Chimpanzee are natives of Africa, the Orang and the Gibbon of Asia. In Europe there exist, out of captivity, no Primates other than man save the apes found upon the Rock of Gibraltar. From the standpoint of comparative morphology, man's resemblances to the *Simiidæ* are more numerous than those existing between him and the other families of his order. Except, therefore, by a small school which claims for man a very long independent pedigree and refers his origin to a Tarsiid ancestry,

evolutionists claim this family as his nearest kin. Compared with all the apes, however, the cranial portion of his skull is relatively greater and the facial portion relatively less. Man's upper limbs are, moreover, proportionately shorter than theirs. The arm of the Gorilla is one-sixth longer than his spine; man's arm is one-fifth less. The proportions of the human thorax differ also from that of the simian. In the lower apes the thorax is usually deeper than wide; in the higher apes it is indeed wider than deep, yet proportionately less so than in man. The classification of mammals by morphological criteria does not, of course, take mental characters into account. Were this not so, man would have to be placed not merely in a different order from the apes, but in a different kingdom as well; and but an ill service is done to mankind by those who would make it believe that its nature does not differ from that of the brute. The classification which we have been considering is likewise independent of any theory of the descent of species; yet when evolutionary ideas began to make headway their exponents predicted that fossils would one day come to light which would indicate that the human form used not to occupy so isolated a position as regards the simian which it does at present. This prophecy has received a certain measure of fulfilment in the deposits of the Old Stone Age, the first of the four great classical divisions of archaeological time. The last three, the New Stone Age, the Age of Bronze, and the Early Iron Age, are, relatively speaking, ages of daylight; for the inhabitants of our island had been but a short time acquainted with the use of iron when Rome shook off the despotism of the Tarquins. Britons of the Age of Bronze were the contemporaries of Tut-ankh-amen, while when Cheops was reigning Neolithic man was perfecting the art of polishing his hammers and axe-heads. The Azilians, or last of the hunting races of Europe, who occupy the transitional period between the Old Stone Age and the New, were perhaps contemporary with the pre-dynastic Egyptians. The Old Stone Age, however, lies behind the earliest monumental records of Chaldaea and Egypt. It is to palaeontology that we must turn if we would unravel its problems.

After the great efflorescence of reptilian life which characterized Mesozoic times the world entered upon the age of mammals. At the base of the Tertiary the orders begin to differentiate themselves. Remains of a fossil monkey about the size of a baby are forthcoming from the Oligocene deposits of the Fayum district of Egypt. In the Miocene and Pliocene of both Europe and Asia the Anthropomorpha begin to appear.

A growing number of authorities believes in the existence of man, or at least of a tool-using animal, in Europe before the close of the Tertiary; osteological evidence of his presence at this epoch is not yet, however, forthcoming. The earliest extant human fossils in Europe remain those of Piltdown and Mauer, referable to the Lower Palæolithic. The circumstances of the discovery of the former, which did so much to attract the attention of the British public to the problems of early man, are too well known to merit recapitulation. The problem which they present arises from the association in a Sussex gravel-pit of portions of a skull of relatively modern type, lacking the retreating forehead and heavy brow-ridges of the cavemen, with an exceedingly primitive jaw resembling that of a chimpanzee. Flint implements of early Palæolithic type, whether contemporary or not, were found with the remains, and a curious implement not unlike a cricket bat which had been carved out of the thigh bone of an elephant. It will be perceived that the consequences flowing from the rival hypotheses of the association and dissociation of the skull and the jaw differ widely. On the former supposition there existed in Western Europe before the last Glacial phase a peculiar type of man (*Eoanthropus*), unlike either modern man or the Neanderthal men of the later Mousterian Age, possessing a brain of creditable size, but a jaw far more primitive than that of any other known race, living or fossil; coming no one knows whence and disappearing no one knows why. On the counter-hypothesis we must postulate an invasion of Europe at this remote epoch by a modern type of man, who, for some unexplained reason, failed to maintain himself there. We must suppose, moreover, that as a contemporary of this man there lived

in South Britain a species of chimpanzee, of whose existence there is no other evidence, and that by a most singular coincidence the remains of a man and those of a chimpanzee came to lie cheek by jowl. The projection of the canine tooth in a sharp point beyond the incisors and premolars gives to the jaw an appearance so strangely inhuman that we hesitate to associate it with the skull. Yet the oddity of the coincidence involved in it leads us to distrust this judgment; and it has, moreover, been pointed out that a similar phenomenon is observable in the milk teeth of the human infant. It is to be hoped that future discoveries will throw light on this difficult problem. In 1915 the late Mr. Charles Dawson did indeed find in a ploughed field about a mile from the Piltdown gravel-pit portions of the frontal and occipital bones of a second individual *Eoanthropus*; but whatever light these may throw on the contour and capacity of the cranium, they of course leave the major problem unsolved. Regarded by some as slightly anterior to, and by others as somewhat later than, the Piltdown fossil is the famous mandible of Mauer, a document of the very first importance for the study of early man. It is distinguished by the complete absence of a chin and the massiveness of its ascending branches. It is plausibly regarded as belonging to a primitive variety of the later Neanderthal race, and the creation of a separate species, *Homo Heidelbergensis*, on the basis of this one jaw is of hardly more than provisional utility. The only fossils claiming to be human of equal antiquity to these two are the celebrated *Pithecanthropus* remains from Java. The Piltdown conundrum is here repeated, but in another form. We are confronted with three possibilities: (1) That the very low skullcap and human thigh bone belonged to the same individual; (2) that they belonged to two individuals of the same species; (3) that they belonged to individuals of different species. The distance separating them, nearly fifty feet, is sufficient to render the first alternative doubtful. The comparative rarity of fossil Primates has been urged in favour of the second. The third receives some support from the recent discovery of the fossil remains of true man in the island. If the cranium belonged to an individual

considerably below the average of its species in this respect; it might fall just within the human limit. If, on the other hand, it belonged to an individual markedly above the average of its species, it must have been that of a large ape. In this latter case we have evidence that the form of the ape was then making an approach to the human form which it no longer makes; while on the converse supposition we see the human form approaching that of the ape. Such is the obscurity which envelops the precursors of Neanderthal man.

Homo Neanderthalensis is the first well-defined type sufficiently approaching existing man to be regarded as human with which we are acquainted. He was, so far as is known, the only occupant of Europe in mid-Palæolithic times. He is always associated with the small but skilfully worked implements of the Mousterian type and with those of no other culture. He possessed no art. His fossil remains are not indeed spread over an area so wide as is the Mousterian culture; but, as no other race has ever been found in association with it, we may conclude that where Mousterian flints are found there once lived Neanderthal man. On this ground we may deduce his presence in both England and in Italy, though his skeletal remains are not forthcoming from either of these countries. The original fossils after which it was named were found in the Neanderthal near Düsseldorf about seventy years ago. A skull found at Gibraltar in 1848 was subsequently pronounced to be of the same type. Further remains of the race were recovered at La Naulette (Belgium) in 1866 and at Spy (Belgium) in 1886. At Krapina (Croatia) there were found in 1899 and subsequent years a number of Neanderthal skeletons, under conditions which led the discoverer, Kramberger, to believe that the race practised cannibalism. The greatest discoveries of Neanderthal man were, however, made in France during 1908-11, and the abundance of the osteological remains now forthcoming has led Professor Boule to consider himself justified in attempting a reconstruction of his skeleton. Attempts to reconstruct the soft parts of Neanderthal man are, of course, devoid of scientific value.

Physically he was somewhat shorter than modern man, but was possessed of robust limbs and a bulky frame. The roof of his skull was low and the supraorbital torus massive, yet, unlike the Heidelberger, who was a true *homo australis*, he possessed a rudimentary chin. His brain was of human dimensions, and in some members of the race surpassed in capacity that of the average of modern Europeans. He appears to have walked with slightly bent knees. Some Neanderthal characters appear in a modified form among the aborigines of Australia; but the true Neanderthal type seems to have become extinct with the close of the Mousterian Age.

Under the influence of the late M. Gabriel de Mortillet the belief that the "religious sense" was a product of Neolithic times and that Palæolithic man was devoid of it obtained almost the authority of a dogma. This belief appears to have endured for about a generation, but it had become discredited before the close of the last century by the discovery of ceremonial interments of Upper Palæolithic date on the Riviera and elsewhere. It was not at this time believed that Neanderthal man buried his dead. In 1908, however, a Swiss archæologist, Herr O. Hauser, who had obtained a license to dig in the Dordogne, discovered at Le Moustier a fossil youth of Neanderthal type in conditions which he considered indicated a ceremonial interment. An international episode of an unpleasant nature unfortunately marred this important archæological discovery. Some German savants were invited to witness the disinterment of the youth, but no French ones; and the skeleton was subsequently smuggled out of France and purchased from the owner by the Berlin Museum for 100,000 marks. The wound to Gallic pride was, however, healed by the almost simultaneous discovery by three French archæologists, Abbés A. and J. Bouyssonie and L. Bardon, of another Neanderthal burial at La Chapelle-aux-Saints. This skeleton was in a far better state of preservation than the one at Le Moustier. The discoverers recorded their find in the pages of *L'Anthropologie*, concluding with a pious reflection on the religiosity of Neanderthal man. Yet one at least of them was not

insensible to the problem which their discovery presented to the Catholic apologist. That the human race is descended from one pair is held by theologians to be *proximum fidei*.^{*} Nor is it difficult to see the reason for this; since it is not easy on any other supposition to explain the transmission of original sin. Yet how was it possible, asked the sceptic, to maintain a unity of origin for all mankind in the face of the fact that the further we go back the more do the races differ from each other, since the Neanderthal man admittedly differed from modern man far more than do any existing races differ from each other? The Abbé A. Bouyssonie considered this problem in an article in the *Revue du Clergé Français* in 1911.[†] He administered a dignified rebuke to the authors of an outburst of obscurantism which the disinterment of Mousterian man had occasioned among a section of the French clergy. Then starting from the premiss that the Heidelberg jaw which he ascribed to the Chellean Age was the sole known representative of Lower Palæolithic man in Europe (the Piltdown remains were not known till 1912), he pronounced its owner to have been a relative of the Neanderthal. He assumed that the Heidelberg-Neanderthal type was representative of a degenerate variety of true man among whom had survived a degraded form of religion centring round the cultus of the dead. This type became extinct at the close of the Mousterian Age, being followed in the Aurignacian by men of the type which now inhabits our continent. Against this view it is, of course, objected that the retreating forehead, heavy supraorbital ridges, large orbits, and shuffling gait of Neanderthal man are more readily explicable, not on the thesis that he was the degenerate descendant of a higher type, but rather on that of near kinship with the gorilla. In support of this contention appeal is made to the axiom that similarity of structure postulates community of descent. Is it possible that this axiom is sometimes unreliable and that the characters in question could have evolved independently

* Tanquerey, *Synopsis Theologiae Dogmaticæ*, 11th ed. (1922), ii, 505.

† "Un problème qui se posera: Polygénisme et Monogénisme," issue of July 1.

in the Neanderthaler and in the Gorilla? The assumption that *Homo Neanderthalensis* was a degenerate appears to involve some such hypothesis as the following. It must be supposed that the massive jaws and dreadful prognathism were in some way associated with a coarse diet, and then that the pull of the huge jaw muscles induced a certain depression of the cranial vault. If the fact that he walked with knees slightly bent is to be explained otherwise than as a legacy from the ape which he had failed to discard, then we must apparently suppose that he had acquired this habit through living in caves. Furthermore, we must suppose that at this early period the present stabilization of racial types had not taken place, and that the human form reacted to its environment in a manner which it no longer retains. Such a primitive plasticity is, of course, scarcely capable of proof or disproof. Professor Marcellin Boule sympathetically noticed the article in the *Revue du Clergé Français*. He praised the candour with which the Abbé Bouyssonie had faced this question in contrast with the attitude of certain other ecclesiastics; and while declaring that he personally saw no evidence that there ever had been a first man, did not definitely reject as untenable the view that Neanderthal man was a degenerate. Fourteen years later, however, in 1925, the author of the article in the *Revue du Clergé Français* himself considered that the alternative thesis to that of degeneracy should be seriously weighed. Perhaps he had been influenced by the views of the distinguished Jesuit palaeontologist and enthusiastic evolutionist Père Teilhard de Chardin, though he has carefully abstained from a complete endorsement of them. This authority dismisses with scorn the supposition that *Homo Neanderthalensis* was a degenerate, and appears to regard him as a sort of survivor of an ancestral stage in the pedigree of modern man—in other words, as a kind of “missing link.”* The old view that Neanderthal man was ancestral to modern man has been revived in certain quarters through the discovery at Broken Hill (Rhodesia)

* “La Paléontologie et l’Apparition de l’Homme,” *Revue de Philosophie*, March–April, 1923, 144–173. The author considers that it is in the mind, and not in the body of man, that there must be sought the attributes which differentiate him from the ape.

in 1921 of remains of a man in whom were combined modern and Neanderthal characters. Granted, say its supporters, that man is descended from an ape, he must have passed through a Neanderthaloid stage. If, then, he did pass through such a stage, why should not modern man have been evolved from the Neanderthaler.*

On this supposition the links in the human pedigree would have been as follows: Primitive undifferentiated mammalian stock, insectivores, lemuroids and tarsiids, lower apes, higher apes, fossil man, modern man, who thus becomes the *chef-d'œuvre* of evolutionary nature.

In an article in the *Revue d'Apologétique* in 1925 the Abbé A. Bouyssonie, this time in collaboration with the Abbé J. Bouyssonie, again reviews the problem of Neanderthal man from the point of view of the transmission of original sin.† There are, the authors point out, three possible suppositions with regard to him: (1) That he was a degenerate man of the same species as ourselves; (2) that he was a "pre-Adamite"; (3) that he was a "hominian"—that is to say, what Mr. Wells would call a "subman," or, in plain language, a highly intelligent monkey. The first theory one of them had defended in 1911, and they point out that it depends for its validity on the supposition of a "*plasticité primitive*." The second or "pre-Adamite" hypothesis they refuse to consider. The consideration of the third forms the subject of their article. To the uninitiated mind the fact that the Neanderthaler was a skilled worker in flint, was acquainted with the use of fire and buried his dead, would seem fatal to any claims to monkeyhood which he might prefer. The Abbés do not allow themselves, however, to be daunted by these apparently insuperable obstacles, and with fitting gravity address themselves to the question whether all the culture of Neanderthal "man" can be explained on the supposition of his non-rationality. They point out, and indeed with reason, that supposing that no animal bearing a greater

* Dr. Aleš Hrdejčka, in his recent "Huxley Memorial Lecture" on "The Neanderthal Phase of Man," delivered on November 8, 1927, has declared himself on the side of those who see in the Neanderthal period a phase in the evolution of *Homo sapiens*.

† Issue of October 15, "Chronique de Préhistoire," 98 ff.

resemblance to man than the dog were known, and that in these circumstances a fossil chimpanzee were found, it would be thought to be a species of man. Are we justified in concluding that the Neanderthaler was a man merely because he was more like us than the apes are? Is it not possible that there may have once existed animals more like us than they? It has been said that art is the signature of man, and if this is the case Mousterian "man" seems to have been unable to sign his name. It is his lack of art which distinguishes his culture from his Aurignacian successor, the undoubtedly representative of *Homo sapiens*.* Yet Neanderthal "man" was a carver of flints. Must this necessarily have been a rational act, ask our authors, since apes are known to pick up sticks and stones? He may, moreover, have acquired the use of fire merely by chance, and not have known how to kindle it. Similarly he may have discovered that a dead body left accidentally by a fire tasted better than a raw one, and so have begun to cook. The fact that he buried his dead with signs of respect is a graver obstacle to the theory of his non-rationality. Yet is it altogether fatal to it? A dog scratches a hole to hide a bone in; apes cover up their dead with leaves. Would it exceed the capacity of highly intelligent apes to make a sort of trough in the ground in which to deposit their dead comrades? The need of finding some method of getting rid of a putrefying corpse must have been an imperative one to cave-dwellers. There is the question of a bison's horn at La Chapelle-aux-Saints, and of a rhinoceros's tooth at La Ferrasie, placed at the entrance of the sepulchral grottos, thought to have been used as charms to protect the graves. The act of using a charm to protect a grave implies belief in magic—that is to say, belief in supernatural powers and the possibility of their constraint by mechanical means. Now the capacity to believe in magic is quite clearly an attribute of the human and not of the simian mind. No monkey could have used

* Although so far as is known Neanderthal man has left no traces of pictorial art, it is argued that he was not wholly devoid of aesthetic perception. In support of this are alleged the elegant forms of some of the flint implements of the Acheulean period during which he is presumed to have been in existence.

the objects in question to protect the body of a deceased friend from malign influences of an occult nature. If, therefore, the horn and the tooth were used by the Neanderthaler as charms, his humanity is established beyond all doubt. Is it possible that the reasoning of archæologists is here also at fault, and that they were not consciously used for magical purposes? That the teeth of *Rhinoceros tichorhinus* were looked upon in prehistoric times as endowed with a magical potency has received confirmation from the recent discovery in Mongolia of many crania of this animal from which the teeth had been extracted. The Abbés therefore suggest that if "*Homo*" *Neanderthalensis* were an ape of a highly imitative bent, he might have seen the funerals of real men and have learnt to copy them. Yet were there "real" men in Europe in the Mousterian Age? If not, perhaps the habit might have been learnt when his ancestors were living side by side with real men in some other part of the world. As an alternative it is suggested that the Mousterians had been buried, not by their comrades, but by men. Could the Neanderthal "ape" have been worshipped by man as a kind of totem-divinity and solemnly interred by him after death? The Abbés Bouyssonie suggest that man and the Neanderthaler may have lived upon friendly terms and been allies in the chase, as were later man and dog. In the opinion of the present writer, it is, however, easier to think of them as rivals than as allies, and to believe in the extermination of the latter by the former. So far-fetched are the suppositions which the "hominian" theory of Neanderthal "man" require us to make, that it is evident that, if it is not one to be completely set aside, it is at least one which a cautious mind will show no undue eagerness to embrace.

We may now briefly consider the "pre-Adamite" theory of Neanderthal man, which the Abbés Bouyssonie decline to discuss as a second alternative to that of degeneracy, since certain Catholic writers incline towards it.* Before addressing ourselves to it, however, it will be well to cast

* Among others Sir Bertram Windle, *The Catholic Church and its Reactions with Science* (1927), 136, and Father Joseph Keating, S.J., "Where does Adam come in?", *The Month*, October, 1927.

a rapid *coup d'œil* over the racial history of Europe in post-Mousterian times. The disappearance of Neanderthal man remains a mystery, but it has been plausibly suggested that, though possessed of a robust frame, he may have perished through a constitution ill adapted to meet the intense cold of the Glacial epoch. With the exception of certain skulls found at Předmost in Moravia which exhibit a combination of a retreating forehead and heavy brow-ridges reminiscent of Neanderthal man with a well-defined chin, the European races of the Upper Palæolithic were of the modern type. Those who do not believe that they were descended from Neanderthal man suppose them to have been immigrants from Asia or Africa. The tiresome habit of some authorities of inventing a separate race to fit almost every skeleton has somewhat confused the ethnology of this period. The best known of these races, the Cro-Magnon race, was tall, and though perhaps possessed, as the robustness of the jaw would indicate, of somewhat rugged features, was probably, as regards its younger members, quite passably good-looking, judged even by modern European standards. The men of the Upper Palæolithic are still hunters, but their life is enriched by the exercise of their artistic gifts. The Cimabues and Giottos of the Aurignacian Age give place to the Raphaels and Michelangelos of the Magdalenian, in which the culture of the Old Stone Age attains its apogee and then declines. The climate ameliorates, the ice-sheets retreat, big game become extinct or migrate to northerly latitudes. Without them man, reduced to a hunter of small game and a collector of shell-fish and edible roots, ekes out a miserable existence. A degraded form of art still lingers on. Then comes Neolithic civilization, introduced into Europe, there is some evidence to suggest, from Russian Turkestan, thus echoing the cry, "*Ex oriente lux.*" We call it civilization, for man, though still without a knowledge of metals, is now in no state of utter degradation. With flocks and herds, a cultivator of cereals, a potter, a weaver and a spinner, he dwells in wooden villages. Yet realistic art does not return; that which has replaced it is still poor and conventional. The three main racial types of Europe—the short dark longheads of the Mediterranean

shores, represented at the dawn of history by the Iberians in Spain, the Ligurians in Italy, and the Pelasgians of the Balkan Peninsula; the round-headed race of medium height and complexion occupying the mountainous regions of Central and South-Eastern Europe; and the tall, fair, long-headed race dwelling round the basins of the North Sea and the Baltic—make their appearance. Whether these three races be local modifications of Upper Palæolithic man or successive waves of Neolithic immigration we cannot say. Indo-European languages arrived perhaps before the close of the Neolithic Age, swamping all the pre-Aryan languages of Europe save Basque. What were the fore-runners of the Indo-European family we do not know, but eventually the Celt establishes his speech over Western Europe; the Latins, Umbrians, and Oscans, nearer to him than to the Hellenes, descend from the Alps into Italy; the Achæans and then the Dorians enter Greece. The Teuton and the Slav linger for a while in outer darkness, the former till the days of Cæsar, the latter till Byzantine times. Yet the Indo-European is not the last chapter in the racial history of Europe. Semitic man is to follow in the Arab and the Jew; Mongolian man in the Lapp, the Finn, the Magyar, and the Turk.

Let us now glance at the "pre-Adamite" question. Basing himself upon obviously faulty exegesis, Isaac de la Peyrère, a seventeenth-century convert from Calvinism to Catholicism, advanced the strange view that the Jews were the descendants of the man of Genesis ii 7, and the Gentiles of him of Genesis i 27. The theory is rejected by theologians for the plainest of reasons (*Tanquerey, op. cit.*, 505-6). The "pre-Adamite" theory, however, turned up again in a new garb about the close of the last century. When it became apparent that man had been in existence long anterior to 4000 B.C., by way of saving a literal interpretation of the biblical chronology, the suggestion was put forward that, while Neolithic man was a son of Adam, Palæolithic man was "pre-Adamite." This view appeared to receive a certain degree of indirect scientific confirmation from the fact that at the period when it was put forward archæologists believed that there had been a

"hiatus" between the Palæolithic and Neolithic Ages during which Europe was uninhabited. Traces of transitional cultures bridging over the gap between the two eras have now been found. The "hiatus" has vanished, and with it the second form of the "pre-Adamite" theory. But what if the theory, instead of being applied to the Palæolithic races as a whole, be limited to Neanderthal man? We must take great care of the terms we use in such a discussion. In one sense the word "pre-Adamite" is, of course, a contradiction in terms, for if Adam means man, to speak of a man before man is absurd. Used by a Catholic it can only refer to a supposed race of men never raised to a supernatural state, who appeared on earth before "Adamite" man, the race which was so raised. Is the view that the Neanderthal race was such a one tenable (*a*) from the point of view of Science, (*b*) from that of Theology? If by "pre-Adamites" are meant a race of men never endowed with sanctifying grace, which appeared and then disappeared before the Fall, then it must be said that there is no indication of any wide cultural discontinuity between Neanderthal and modern man except for the appearance of pictorial art, and that the question whether the latter disappeared before the coming of the former must remain an open one. Moreover, do those Catholics who speak somewhat glibly about "pre-Adamites" suppose that the "Adamite" humanity was descended from the "pre-Adamite" one, or that it was a special creation? If, however, it be so modified as to make the "pre-Adamite" race appear indeed *before* the "Adamite" one, but vanish only *after* its arrival, then it does not seem that it would be objectionable from an anthropological point of view. Yet would it in this form be acceptable to the theologian? It would raise a grave, though not insoluble, difficulty with regard to the transmission of original sin, since it would open up the possibility of intermarriage between the two races. This difficulty would not, however, be insoluble; for it is quite conceivable that the specific differences existing between Neanderthal and modern man were of such a nature that no union between them would have proved fertile.

Will Neanderthal man be for ever a riddle? It is one which we can hardly hope to answer on the basis of evidence derived exclusively from European sites. Geologists have long declared that the Caspian Sea, the Sea of Aral, and Lake Balkash are the shrunken remains of a once mighty inland sea which in Quaternary times existed in the now arid regions of Central Asia. The moisture which it generated rendered lands, now desert, once fertile. Even in the time of the Seleucidæ the climatic conditions of this region were more favourable than today, and it is probable that the great "Folk-wanderings" of the first thousand years of our era were not unconnected with its desiccation. It is not impossible that in Central Asia man was a shepherd and a husbandman, perhaps even dwelt in small towns, when in Europe he was still a hunter, and that the keys which will unlock some of the darkest recesses of human history lie buried in the sandy wastes of Turkestan. Should the desert one day reveal secrets which it has jealously guarded throughout untold generations, among them may be that of the antiquity of the type of man who exists today. If such a man be found upon an older geological horizon than that to which Neanderthal man appertains, then it will be clear that the latter is a degenerate. Should it, on the other hand, happen that the priority of the Neanderthal over the modern type is clearly established, then it is obvious that we must carefully reconsider the hypothesis that the former was a being of a different species from ourselves. Yet even upon this last supposition the dogma of original sin, from the point of view of which this article has been written, would remain intact. For the unity of the species *Homo sapiens*, towards which indirect testimony is borne by psychology and comparative religion, would remain unaffected.

HUMPHREY F. T. JOHNSON.

ART. 5.—THE DICTATORSHIP

SOME months ago a well-known French writer gave rise to considerable controversy by the statement that the Allies won the war because they were more faithful to the principle of monarchy, in the etymological sense, than were the Central Powers. Paradoxical as this contention may at first sight appear, it is supported by the evidence of the innumerable memoirs and reminiscences which have been published by those who were in positions of authority during the conflict on one side or the other; and the argument may even be carried further, for the progress of events since the signing of the Armistice would seem to show that the ideas of the vanquished have emerged victorious from the struggle. The war which was to make the world safe for democracy has paved the way for a revival of autocracy, though in doing so it has but followed the precedent set by its predecessors, for it would be difficult to name an armed conflict of any importance since the French Revolution, above all that which came to an end on the field of Waterloo, in which the principles of the vanquished have not in the end been adopted by the conquerors. In the present instance it is the Parliamentary System which has suffered an eclipse, and in many cases its place has been taken by a dictatorship, either open or concealed behind constitutional forms of a monarchical or of a democratic character.

There can be little doubt but that the dictatorship has its origin in that strengthening of the executive which was so marked a feature of the government of all the belligerent states. In the case of the Central Powers this tendency was not so noticeable as elsewhere, for with them the executive had always been supreme; but in the administration of Great Britain and France, to quote but two examples, the change was most remarkable, for they were precisely the countries in which the triumph of Liberalism had in the previous century been most complete. To realize the extent of this metamorphosis one has only to compare the position of Mr. Lloyd George at the end of the war with

that of Mr. Asquith at the beginning, while during his tenure of the Premiership M. Clemenceau exercised personal power to an extent which had not been known in France since the establishment of the Third Republic. Rightly or wrongly these examples impressed no inconsiderable proportion of mankind with the belief that Parliamentary Government was not suited to times of crisis, and the lesson was not forgotten when somewhat similar dangers threatened once more.

In many countries, too, the administration of the Liberal state had gradually been becoming increasingly inefficient, and there arose a feeling that if political liberty and administrative efficiency were incompatible it was better to dispense with the former—at any rate, temporarily. Particularly was this the case in Italy and Spain, where the wheels of government under the old Parliamentary System had almost ceased to rotate at all, and neither parties nor programmes had any longer a practical meaning. To a certain extent this failure was not due to any inherent defect in the system itself, but rather to the fact that during the course of the nineteenth century many nations both in Europe and in South America had adopted constitutions of the pattern fashionable in London or Washington, but which were by no means suited to their needs: in these circumstances it is hardly surprising that the constitutions in question should have proved a bruised reed in time of trouble. Logically, of course, the Spaniards and Italians should have revolted against the form of their respective constitutions and not against the system upon which they were based; but mankind is apt to be illogical in what interests it most, and the Liberal state and administrative inefficiency have come to be regarded as synonymous terms in Rome and Madrid, and in the other capitals which look to them for guidance.

An equally important cause of the appearance—or rather of the reappearance, for it is one of the oldest forms of human government—of the dictatorship has undoubtedly been the rise of Communism, which threatens the existing order on its economic side. The appearance of a fresh factor of this nature almost invariably drives mankind to

seek safety in monarchy. The Greek *τύραννος*, to whom the modern dictator bears a remarkable resemblance, owed his rise in almost every case to the growth of an economic and social discontent which had been hitherto unknown, while the mediæval polity crumbled to pieces and was replaced by monarchical government owing to religious dissensions with which the old system was unable to deal successfully. Indeed, in a large number of cases the establishment of a dictatorship has been the direct outcome of the impotence of the Liberal state before the Communist menace, so that of what may be termed the three principal material causes of the rise of the dictatorial form of government, the fear of Communism has been the most important: at any rate, it has deprived the old Parliamentary régime of the support of that very middle class to which it owed its existence.

Another, and by no means negligible, factor in the decay of the Liberal state is the spread of sport and of motoring among all classes in all countries. For the youth of today there are so many counter-attractions to politics, and yet it is upon the assumption that the vast majority of the population is interested in the way in which it is governed that democracy is based. Twenty years ago in all but the large cities a political meeting was the only diversion available for the working classes, but today the politician has to face the competition of the cinema even in the most remote village. Few who have had much experience of the younger men and women of the present generation will be prepared to deny the statement that an interest in politics is on the wane, and in consequence there is a growing indifference which, as Solon realized twenty-five centuries ago, is eminently favourable to autocracy.

There is also to be taken into account the fact that democracy in general, and the Parliamentary System in particular, has received some severe blows on the intellectual side, and their cumulative effect has undoubtedly weakened it very considerably. Signor Mussolini has himself acknowledged his debt to Nietzsche, and this fact is in itself significant. The constant dripping of water on a stone is often more destructive than the blows of a

hammer, and it was not the fall of the Bastille that brought the *ancien régime* to an end so much as the attacks of countless critics, of whom Rousseau and Voltaire are merely the best known. Similarly, the way for the March on Rome and the *coup d'état* of General Primo de Rivera had been prepared in advance by a criticism destructive of democracy, and it was not by chance that Professor Gentile, the founder of Absolute Idealism, enrolled himself in the ranks of triumphant Fascism, though Georg Hegel himself cannot accurately be described as the father of the movement. For twenty years the students of Madrid University and the readers of *El Debate* have been listening to the antidemocratic arguments of Professor Perez Bueno, and the influence of M. Charles Maurras in France has been very considerable in the same direction; even in England, the very home of the Parliamentary System, Mr. Hilaire Belloc's searching analysis of its defects has been by no means without results. In short, the average man has come to the conclusion that democracy is not quite what his father believed it to be, and consequently his mind is becoming receptive to the idea that in certain circumstances some other form of government may be better suited to his requirements.

At the same time, the dictatorship presupposes a man capable of exercising dictatorial power, and it is only where such an individual has made his appearance that the new system has taken root: a Pangalos posing as a Cromwell was soon unmasked, for a dictatorial régime has at least this in its favour, that it is less capable of affording a cloak for incompetence at the top than is a democracy. It is a common complaint that the war produced no great men, with the doubtful exception of Lenin, but no such charge can be brought against the period which has succeeded it. Mussolini, Primo de Rivera, Mustafa Kemal, the new Shah of Persia, to quote but four examples, are all men who can face comparison with any in the recent annals of their respective countries, so that the dictatorship must be judged fortunate in the men who are working it in the world today. Perhaps, indeed, it is easier to govern as a dictator, for history contains a dozen examples of successful

autocrats to every one of a constitutional ruler of the first rank : a Mussolini is far more common than a Cavour.

If the fundamental causes of the adoption by so many countries of the dictatorial form of government have been everywhere much the same, the dictatorship itself has appeared in many different disguises: in some cases no secret has been made of its existence, while in others it has been hidden so completely behind the trappings of the régime which it has superseded that its very existence is sometimes difficult to detect. In these circumstances the only satisfactory way of arriving at any estimate of the present position and future prospects of the dictatorship in international politics is to examine its working in those countries where it at present exists.

The oldest professed dictatorship in the world is that of the proletariat in Russia, but a careful examination of the conditions obtaining in that country under Soviet rule would rather lead to the classification of the existing Russian Government as an oligarchy. It claims, indeed, to be exercising power on behalf of the people and in their name until such time as their education in Communist principles is sufficiently advanced to allow them to enjoy it themselves, but the fact that the vote of one townsman is ranked as equivalent to that of five peasants goes far to show that in reality the country is administered almost entirely in the interests of the urban population, which only accounts for about one-tenth of the total inhabitants of the country. Such being the case the Soviet Government may accurately be described as the rule of the few in their own interests, and so, according to no less an authority than Aristotle, it is in fact an oligarchy. At the same time, it cannot be denied that it contains dictatorial elements, especially in so far as it is not responsible for its actions to any assembly elected upon a democratic basis, and the tendency is for all effective power to become concentrated in ever fewer hands, so that a pure dictatorship may well be only a question of time: at the moment, however, the Russian Government is oligarchical rather than dictatorial in form.

Italy provides a far better example of the modern

dictatorship, though in view of the many charges which have been brought against Fascismo it is necessary to bear in mind that Signor Mussolini has always been careful to secure the sanction of law for every step he has taken. The March on Rome was in itself a purely revolutionary move, but no sooner was Fascismo triumphant than an act of indemnity was passed by the Italian legislature. Every institution in Italy, including the constitution itself, has been drastically reformed, but in no single case has legal sanction been lacking. In theory King Victor Emmanuel could dismiss Signor Mussolini tomorrow, and the latter is undoubtedly taking every precaution to ensure that his own death shall not be fatal to the movement which he has led to victory. Indeed, the chief feature of the Italian dictatorship is that it is carried on under cover of the monarchy and in its name, with the result that in spite of the many revolutionary reforms which have been carried out it has never encountered any serious opposition from the Right. If a comparison be required it can be found in the policy of Augustus, who made no effort to suppress the old republican institutions, for which he always professed the greatest reverence, while taking care to deprive them of all effective power; similarly, Signor Mussolini has refrained from any attack upon the dynasty, though he has reduced the monarch to the position of a mere figure-head. The "Duce" is, indeed, in practically the same position with regard to the House of Savoy that Augustus was in respect of the Senate.

In Spain the situation is more paradoxical. General Primo de Rivera is not regarded by the vast majority of Spaniards as a dictator at all, but merely as the "Presidente del Consejo"—that is, as Prime Minister. On the other hand, his position, unlike that of Signor Mussolini, is clearly unconstitutional, for the Cortes has not met for over four years, whereas by the Constitution of 1876 it must meet every year and elections must be held within three months of its dissolution. The explanation of this apparent contradiction lies in the fact that in Spain the real dictator is the king, who governs through a nominal one; in fact, it is a case of an absolute monarchy disguised as a dictator-

ship, such as King Carlos attempted to establish in Portugal with the aid of Senhor Franco. No step has ever been taken to legalize the *coup d'état* which established the present régime, nor, if the truth be told, does Spanish public opinion seem to mind whether the Government has a constitutional basis or not. At the same time, the attitude of the king prevents the Right from opposing the most radical measures, while the length to which he is prepared to go in support of this quasi-dictatorship was shown by his attitude during the mutiny of the artillery officers in 1926.

Since both Spain and Italy are monarchical states the dictatorial power has been enabled to work through an existing institution, but in the case of a republic this is not possible, and the dictatorship consequently assumes a different form. In these circumstances, and in spite of the relative unimportance of the countries concerned, the Governments of General Carmona in Portugal and of General Pangalos in Greece merit attention.

The movement in favour of the establishment of a dictatorship in Portugal was, as in Italy and Spain, the result of the incompetence of the Parliamentary régime, which was threatening to bring the whole economic life of the country to a standstill, but it differed in being more purely revolutionary in view of the fact that there was no monarch in existence at Lisbon to throw the cloak of legality over it once it had attained power. In fact, it was not until some weeks after the overthrow of the old system that General Carmona definitely assumed the rôle of dictator, and there can be no disguising the fact that his position is considerably weaker than that of either Signor Mussolini or General Primo de Rivera for the sole reason that he is obviously dependent upon force alone for support, and, as Cavour once pointed out, one can do anything with bayonets except sit upon them; indeed, it is said that General Carmona has more than once contemplated a restoration of the monarchy in order to regularize his position. At the same time, the Portuguese dictatorship has set before itself the same goal of administrative efficiency that is pursued at Rome and Madrid, and if political liberty, as the nineteenth century understood it, is in abeyance, there is a

degree of religious toleration in existence under the rule of General Carmona which has been unknown under the previous Governments of the Portuguese Republic.

The short-lived dictatorship of General Pangalos in Greece is a useful object-lesson of the weaknesses of this particular form of government. In this case it was not brought into existence by any wave of discontent, but rather the apathy born of continual wars and revolutions allowed one man to seize supreme power. Once he was in the saddle, General Pangalos seems to have been afflicted with a *νόσος* which his brother dictators have been spared, and, although his intentions appear to have been excellent, he interfered in every department of public and private life to an extent which made his overthrow a mere question of time. Indeed, he attempted to institute in Greece in the twentieth century the régime which Dr. Francia had imposed upon secluded Paraguay a hundred years before, though the rumours which were current just before his fall that he was minded to play the part of a Monk show that, like General Carmona, he realized the advantage of legalizing his position and of enlisting tradition in his support. In effect, the failure of General Pangalos shows the weakness of a dictator in a republican state: he can only rule by force, and if he employs more of this than is absolutely necessary for his purpose he is at once in the gravest danger.

The dictatorships in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Greece have been examined at some length because their working throws very considerable light upon this form of government as a whole, and there are others which exercise their functions in the name of democracy. M. Bratianu at Bucharest and Marshal Pilsudski at Warsaw treat the Rumanian and Polish Parliaments much as Signor Mussolini does King Victor Emmanuel, and there are not wanting critics who would describe the government of Mr. Cosgrave in Dublin as a dictatorship of this type. An autocracy is none the less an autocracy for being supported by votes in Parliament, as the rule of the House of Tudor conclusively proved.

When one goes outside Europe it may at first sight appear that the success of Mustafa Kemal in Turkey is in

flat contradiction of the contention that in a republic a dictatorship cannot be so strong as in a monarchy, but the answer lies in the fact that in the East authority is always more powerful than tradition. The House of Osman was the oldest ruling dynasty in Europe, and yet hardly a dog barked when it was deposed. In some ways Mustafa Kemal recalls the ill-fated Pangalos, with the difference that he has a more solid backing of public support and he can rely upon the Oriental acquiescence in personal rule. He, too, acts in the name of a Parliamentary régime which has little existence save in theory, and his policy, like that of every other dictator, is one of national regeneration, though in his case the movement with which he is associated is entirely dependent upon his own life.

In Persia, on the other hand, a development has taken place which is so far unparalleled elsewhere, for in that country the dictator has seized the throne himself. For some years Riza Pahlevi exercised power in the name of an absent Shah who passed his time at French watering-places; but once he had consolidated his position he caused his master to be deposed, and is now both Shah and dictator himself. New dynasties are notoriously easier to found in Asia than in Europe, but the progress of events in Persia is significant, and with the memory of Cromwell and of Napoleon behind them it is quite within the bounds of possibility that some of the Western dictators may one day follow the example of the Persian Shah. After all, the proud House of Bourbon itself traces its descent from a dictator who adopted this course—Hugh Capet, the Mussolini of successive French kings.

The New World, or rather that portion of it which is inhabited by peoples of Spanish origin, has always been prolific of dictators, of whom the most successful have probably been Porfirio Diaz in Mexico and Juan Rosas in the Argentine. Recently, however, more democratic ideals of government gained ground, and it is only within the last year or two that the dictatorship has once more come into favour, especially in Chile and Ecuador. The present dictators look rather to Rome and Madrid for inspiration than to their native predecessors of last century, and they

can also rely upon the support of what is commonly known as "big business." The latter factor, is, indeed, likely to play a very considerable part in international politics in the future, and it is almost invariably, for reasons which are obvious, to be found on the side of autocracy, as in Chile, where the dictatorial government of Colonel Ibáñez is openly supported by North American business interests. In these circumstances it is more than likely that the dictatorship is destined to prevail in many Latin American countries in the near future, especially as in every case the existing constitutions are too closely modelled upon that of the United States to be suited to local requirements.

This consideration of the causes which have led to the revival of the dictatorship all over the world, and of the form which it has assumed in different countries, is of great value in determining its main characteristics, and also in estimating its probable future.

The first effect of the reappearance of the dictatorial form of government has been the demise of that uniformity which was so dear to the heart of nineteenth-century Liberalism. Prior to the war practically every civilized country was governed by either a king or a president and two chambers, and, although the actual depository of power differed, externally the constitutional edifice of one nation resembled that of another. All this has changed of recent years, and in form, let alone in spirit, the government of one country is as different from that of its neighbour as are their languages. Faith in any one particular theory of government as a panacea for all the ills of the body politic has been lost, and the modern world—at any rate, so far as secular affairs are concerned—seems to prefer to follow a man rather than a system. The dictatorship meets this need, though in practically every country it works in a different way, with the result, as has been said, that uniformity is a thing of the past.

A second characteristic, and one that is too often ignored, of the modern dictatorship is that, whatever its origin, its policy is essentially progressive, if not actually revolutionary. In every case the dictator has faced problems, particularly of an administrative and social nature, with

which preceding régimes were afraid to deal, and it is a remarkable fact that the opposition never comes from the working classes, but from the so-called intellectuals. There is a widely held opinion in the British Isles that a dictatorship spells reaction, and it is too often praised or blamed from this point of view; indeed, one frequently hears the praises of Signor Mussolini on the lips of those who would be horrified if they understood his real attitude towards the vested interests in which they so firmly believe. For so many years after the Treaty of Vienna autocracy and reaction went hand in hand that there is a danger of forgetting that the two are by no means inseparable, as the Benevolent Despotism of the eighteenth century, and the rule of such men as Peisistratus and Lorenzo de Medici, fully prove. The dictatorship, in its modern form, looks to the future rather than to the past, and whatever charges may be brought against it, that of being reactionary certainly cannot be made by any honest critic.

When one turns to the question of the future of the dictatorial form of government it is not easy to arrive at a satisfactory answer. In the past it has either disappeared when its work was done, as in Greece, or it has associated with itself the trappings of royal pomp, and thus made an appeal to the heart as well as to the head of mankind; in this way a groom has but recently mounted the throne of Darius, just as an obscure family of Florentine bankers became Grand Dukes of Tuscany. Mankind has a deep-rooted aversion to permanent government by force, and, although Disraeli once declared that it was possible to govern either by tradition or by the sword, experience shows that unless the latter can sooner or later win the former to its side it is doomed. It would seem, therefore, that the dictatorship, as such, can only be temporary at any stage of the world's history, and although in its present phase it will probably, in view of the magnitude of the problems with which it has to deal, outlast most of those now living, yet it must in the end give way to monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, which, with their respective perversions, are the three permanent forms of human government.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Vol. 182

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ART. 6.—THE MARRIAGE OF JAMES III

PART II

IN the last number of this review I tried to describe the long series of abortive negotiations for the marriage of James III (the Old Pretender) and the opening stages of that amazing adventure in which four young Irishmen, having with them two women and a man-servant, succeeded in carrying off to Italy the Princess Clementine Sobieska, soon to be the mother of the princes Charles Edward and Henry, Cardinal-Duke of York. Towards nightfall on April 27, 1719, the little party arrived at Innspruck—where, as we have seen, Clementine and her mother were held prisoners by the Emperor—and put up at the inn of the Black Eagle. Thence in a tempest of wind and sleet Wogan started afoot, leading by the hand the still sulky Janneton, who stumbled along, grumbling, lamenting, and cursing O'Toole and all that belonged to him. ("Sa mère," says Wogan, "avoit été vivandière; et elle chassoit de race.") It was midnight before they reached the house where the Princess lodged; and by rare good fortune the sentry, thinking no one would venture out in such a storm, had gone off to a neighbouring cabaret. The door being opened with a key provided by Chateaudoux, Janneton slipped in and upstairs, while Wogan withdrew to a little distance. A quarter of an hour passed, half an hour, an hour; and still there was no sign of the Princess. At last, just when he had all but lost hope, Wogan felt a light touch on his arm. It was she. Followed by a page, carrying some underlinen and all the Stuart jewels (sent some months earlier from Rome), the two made their way to the inn. Long before they reached it the Princess was drenched from head to foot. To make matters worse, the fire in the travellers' room had gone out; and they dared not send for servants to relight it. While, therefore, O'Toole engaged the hostess in conversation and Wogan and Major Gaydon went off to hasten the arrival of the carriage by the promise of a noble *pourboire* for the driver,

Mrs. Misset dressed Clementine in some of her own clothes and dried her feet with the bed-linen. By two o'clock of the morning of April 28 they were ready to start; but just as they arrived in view of the house from which the Princess had escaped an hour before, it was found that the jewels had been left behind. To go on without these was impossible, since their discovery must lead to inquiries and thence to immediate pursuit. There was nothing for it but to send someone back for them. O'Toole, chosen for this service, found the inn locked up and in darkness; but, being gifted with extraordinary strength, was able to lift the *porte-cochère* clean off its hinges without awaking anyone, and to possess himself of the precious parcel.

The first stage brought them without further misadventure to the top of the Brenner Pass. Here for the first and last time Clementine's endurance gave out; and to the horror of her companions she fell into a dead faint. But soon they were off again swinging down the mountain side as fast as four horses could take them, singing and telling one another romantic stories, all in the highest spirits, except poor Mrs. Misset, whom the sight of the Alpine precipices filled with terror. That her fears were not unreasonable was very nearly proved only too well; for, in passing at full gallop a waggon which was on the mountain side of the narrow road, two of the carriage wheels came so near to the edge of the cliff as to appear to O'Toole, who was following on horseback, actually to hang for an instant over the abyss above the Adige. Fortunately the occupants of the carriage had not fully realized their danger; but O'Toole received such a shock that when they all dismounted at the next stopping-place, he was almost unrecognizable. Even his eyes which were blue ("like those of most Irishmen") had—if we can believe Wogan—changed their colour to green. At Brixen, which they reached about five o'clock that afternoon, the travellers learned what James's biographer justly calls "the uncomfortable tidings that the Princess of Baden and her son were a few stages ahead on their way to Rome with a large retinue, and taking all the post-horses the inns could furnish, at the time the fugitives needed them most in order to get

out of the Emperor's territories." They had, therefore, to do as best they could with such tired animals as they found at the end of the various stages. At Trent things were still worse; for here not a post-horse of any description was to be had, and Trent was just the place of all others in which delay was most dangerous. The Princess Clementine was well known to many of the townspeople, of whom some had even had the honour of dancing with her during the last carnival at Innspruck; and the Governor, Prince de la Tour Taxis, quite enough of a personage to arrest the Princess then and there, even without orders from Vienna, should he chance to hear of her presence.

The very sight of a carriage full of persons of quality, one of whom notwithstanding the fierce heat of the day (for they were now well south on the way to Italy) kept her face muffled up in a fur cloak, was quite enough to excite suspicion and send someone running with the news to the Governor. Happily, however, as Wogan unkindly but not unnaturally puts it, the Prince of Taxis was suffering from a severe attack of gout, and had shut himself up in his apartments, "*trop tourmenté de son mal, pour pouvoir entendre caquet ou nouvelle.*" But this indisposition of the Governor, while affording the travellers safety for the moment, was otherwise extremely embarrassing, since an order from him was absolutely necessary to enable them to commandeer other horses. At length, after repeated messages had been sent representing the vital importance of the mission with which the Comte de Cernes had been charged by the Emperor himself—a mission which required that he should rejoin the Princess of Baden without a moment's delay—the Governor issued the required authority. Two wretched brutes were dragged from the plough and harnessed to the carriage, together with the least tired of those which had made the last stage; and towards one o'clock of the afternoon, after four mortal hours spent under the eyes of the curious in the middle of the chief square of Trent, the Princess and her companions were off once more. Just beyond Roveredo the axle broke; and, though it was quickly patched together with ropes, further progress was necessarily slow. A few miles further

on it broke again, this time beyond hope of immediate repair.

It was now ten o'clock, and there was nothing for it but to press on afoot. Two hours' walk brought the fugitives to Ala, where they hoped to find another conveyance. Alas! the Badens, on their more leisurely journey, had been there an hour before, and had swept the place clear of both horses and carriages; and nothing better could be discovered than a small, springless country cart. To make matters worse, their coachman had become suspicious, swore he would take his tired horses no further, and that there was something very sinister about all this haste. However, needs must when the devil drives—or his kinsman, George of Hanover; and after the coachman's throat had been well wetted and his hands greased, the cart started, creaking and bumping, for the ten-mile journey to Peri, the first village in Venetian territory, the ladies seated, Wogan and Gaydon walking one on each side.

After a while Gaydon, who was no longer young and had received an injury to one of his feet, was obliged to await by the roadside the return of the Princess of Baden's horses, while the others pushed on. Half-way between Ala and Peri, a great wall marked the boundary between the territories of Trent and Venice—at sight of which the Princess, Mrs. Misset, and Wogan “sang aloud the *Te Deum.*”

At Peri, reached about eight o'clock of the morning of Sunday, April 30, the first sound they heard was that of the church bell; and the first act of the Princess to hear Mass, not without, however, some distraction due to the presence of the Prince of Baden, which forced her to keep her face hidden in her hood throughout the service.

Most fortunately the little village possessed two inns; and immediately after Mass the Prince and his party returned to theirs. Having waited a little while to offer up undisturbed thanks for their escape, Princess Clementine, Mrs. Misset, and Wogan made their way to the other inn. There at last they ventured to lie down and rest. None of the three can have slept much since the night of the 26th; least of all Wogan, who had kept himself awake

by "constantly putting snuff into his nostrils and eyes." Dinner was ordered for two o'clock; and now their only anxiety regarded the fate of their four companions, more particularly that of Misson and O'Toole, left behind four stages north of Trent to intercept pursuit as best they could. Happily even this anxiety was soon relieved; for at mid-day Gaydon arrived on horseback, and an hour later O'Toole, Misson, and Vezzosi all together in the once more serviceable carriage. "*C'étoit une fête générale pour tous.* Ils se basoient comme des pauvres." The Princess had shaken off her fatigue; and it was a gay little company that sat down to eat of the best the inn could provide and exchange stories of their respective adventures. Those of Misson and O'Toole were by no means the least diverting. Sure enough, they had not had long to wait before, as they sat at supper in a small inn, an Innspruck courier entered the room, vociferating a hundred thousand German curses upon the unhappy screws he had been forced to mount during his journey. (He would not, as Wogan drily observes, have been surprised had he known their history.) O'Toole immediately engaged him in conversation and bade him to supper, while Misson gave him to understand by gesture and grimaces that he was not behindhand in friendliness.

The courier was half dead with fatigue and hunger and possessed by "a more than German thirst." The bottle was continually at his elbow; and under its gracious influence he grew loquacious, recounting how a set of bandits had carried off the Princess Clementine, how everyone in Innspruck was wild with fury and dismay, and how he was on his way to the Governor of Trent, with orders to have the rascals arrested and skinned alive—in proof whereof he drew the despatches from his pocket and laid them on the table. Misson and O'Toole were all sympathy, drinking glasses round to the confusion of the Emperor's enemies. But, strangely enough, the more the courier drank, the thirstier he became—a phenomenon, O'Toole gravely assured him, due to the extraordinary strength of the country wine, which, he remarked, it was well to dilute plentifully with the contents of the water-jug. One is inclined to fear, however, that O'Toole must, while filling

his neighbour's glass half full from the jug, have throughout supper neglected his own excellent advice (the Irish is a notoriously intemperate race), since he omitted to add that the water-jug contained, not water, but a more potent fluid which had somehow found its way thither from Misset's brandy-flask. But their guest was by now in too advanced a stage of liquor to remark any difference. One bumper of the mixture, and he was under the table; whence his two friends carried him to bed, not before having torn his despatches into small pieces.

Such was the story which, told by that born comedian, Captain Misset—for, without knowing why, I imagine long Luke O'Toole readier with sword or bottle than tongue—sent the Princess's dinner party into peals of laughter; after which Clementine, who now had occasion to observe the extraordinary change in O'Toole's eyes, learned for the first time how near she had been to finishing her journey prematurely at the bottom of the Adige.

Next day the adventurers, thus happily reunited, pursued their way unmolested, passing the Po at Stellata, and thus putting that river between Clementine and her good cousin, the Emperor.

At Bologna they found the inn full of English travellers, whose “brusque manners and lively conversation” Clementine observed with interest. They for their part were not less attentive to her beauty, swearing that she was the prettiest thing they had seen, and discussing her figure and features as though no one heard them, to the vast amusement of her companions and (their remarks—or perhaps a suitable selection—having been translated to her) of Clementine herself. Next day, however, the travellers’ curiosity became somewhat too obtrusive (Englishmen, as Wogan remarks, thinking that in Italy all things are permitted them); and it was determined to withdraw to a quieter lodging, which was quickly found in the house of a good priest in a retired quarter of the town. There, while a messenger posted off to Rome with the great news, the Princess set herself to study English, Mrs. Misset spent hours in combing and dressing “the finest head of hair in the world,” and Wogan and the others played a

hundred droll tricks for her amusement. Every evening, too, between nine and eleven, the carriage of the Cardinal-Legate was to be seen arriving at the corner of the street, and the Cardinal himself was observed to step out and, unaccompanied, a dark lantern in his hand, to enter the house where the beautiful stranger lodged—a business that set many tongues wagging about his Eminence, whom everyone had hitherto regarded as a most exemplary prelate.

Little remains to tell which is not common to all history textbooks. Shortly before Wogan embarked on that enterprise which he had now brought to a happy conclusion, James III received a sudden summons to Madrid. Recognizing that in the alliance between King George, the Regent d'Orléans, and the Emperor consisted the principal obstacle to the achievement of Spanish ambitions in Italy, Alberoni, then at the height of his power, had planned to support a rising in Brittany and to send James and the Duke of Ormonde to England. When, after adventures by sea and land hardly less strange or hazardous than those of his bride, James arrived in Madrid, he found the plans of the English expedition well advanced. Already the Duke of Ormonde was at Corunna, with 5,000 men, 10 field pieces, and 15,000 arms; while the Earl Marischal and his more famous brother, Marshal Keith, were getting ready to make a descent upon Scotland. Everyone knows how this—perhaps the most promising of all attempts to restore the Stuarts—was wrecked at the outset, first by contrary winds which imprisoned the fleet at Cadiz until long after the alarm had been given in England, and then, when at last it put to sea, by a terrific tempest, in which all the vessels, save those which carried Earl Marischal and his tiny force, were destroyed or dispersed. But, notwithstanding the magnitude of this disaster, James had reason to believe that a second expedition would be set on foot later in the year; and it was not until, in the following August, all hope had to be abandoned that he was free to return to Italy.

Meantime James Murray had arrived in Bologna with the King's procuration for his marriage with Princess Clementine. On May 9 the ceremony was performed by

an English priest, in the presence of the Marquis de Monti Boulerois, representing Prince James Sobieski, of Mrs. Hay (Murray's sister), Mrs. Misset, and the rest of the "little troupe." On the same day the party started for Rome, still keeping to the simple ways of the earlier journey, since it was the wish of the Queen that etiquette should be dispensed with as long as possible. Arrived in Rome, she put up, with Mrs. Misset, at the Ursuline Convent, where she remained quietly until, on September 2, she and her husband met at last in Montefiascone.

This much only is known of the later fortunes of her companions. Shortly before Clementine's flight was discovered—about four o'clock of the following afternoon—Janneton had been removed to a dark and filthy cupboard, where she lay quaking while a crowd of people with General Heister at their head turned the house upside down, smashed the windows, and broke down the doors. Insult upon insult was offered to the Princess James Sobieski; and Janneton would certainly have fared ill indeed had she fallen just then into the hands of these gentry. But happily her retreat was not discovered either that afternoon or during a second search effected four days later; and when the scent had cooled, she was smuggled off to Rome in the suite of the Duchess of Parma. "*Le bon vieillard*" Chateaudoux was overtaken on the road to Italy but subsequently released, only to die soon after "*de l'accablement qui lui survint et du mauvais sang, qu'il fit dans sa prison.*" The page who had brought the jewels to the inn was discovered at Innspruck, defended himself against his pursuers, contrived to reach the house of Princess James, and there, in her presence, fell on his own sword. To please King George, Prince James Sobieski and his wife were exiled to Passau, and the former deprived, without compensation, of the revenues of the two Silesian duchies of Ohlau and Brieg.

The four Irish soldiers were, for the moment at least, more fortunate. All the most distinguished persons in Rome had united to welcome the rescuers of the Pope's god-child. The Pope himself, as a signal mark of his approbation, had caused them to be enrolled in the ranks

of the Roman Senate; while the King, immediately upon his return from Spain, personally conferred upon each of them, as well as upon M. de Chateaudoux, the honour of knighthood “*a la façon Angloise.*” Further—for he could never be justly charged with ingratitude towards his servants, erring rather, if at all, by too ready forgiveness of injuries and by continuing his affection and confidence where they were ill-deserved—James used his good offices to obtain for all four, and also for Captain Gillagh, father to Lady Misson, brevets of colonel in the Spanish army. From this step in military rank, however, only Misson and Wogan drew any advantage, their companions preferring to embrace an opportunity which unexpectedly presented itself of returning to their old regiment. Sir Luke O’Toole was killed at the head of his Grenadiers during the last action between the French troops and those of the Emperor Charles VI on the Moselle; Sir Richard Gaydon died, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment of Dillon, in 1744. Misson died Governor of Oran in 1733; Clementine, an uncrowned Queen, in 1735. Thus, when in March, 1745—the year which saw Clementine’s elder son installed for a while in the old palace of Holyrood—Wogan sat down to recall the great adventure of his youth for the delectation of another Polish princess, Marie Leszczynska, Queen of France, there were only left of that gay and gallant company the widowed Lady Misson and himself. He was now, as he says, the “doyen of all the colonels in the service of the King of Spain, as well as of all the knights-errant of Christendom”; besides being, with singular appropriateness, “Governor of La Mancha.” His narrative comes to an end with a proud and pathetic invocation of the lady whom he and his companions had served awhile with so much courage, wit, and loyalty:

“O belle et heureuse âme, gloire de l’illustre sang de Sobieski et de Neuburgh, souvenez-vous dans les extases où vous êtes abimée en présence du Dieu vivant (que vous avez le bonheur de voir) de votre royal époux, et des beaux princes, vos enfans, dignes et uniques restes de ce grand prince irlandois, Fergus, fondateur de la monarchie d’Ecosse; du célèbre Egbert, le Ouest Saxon, élève de

Charlemagne et fondateur de celle d'Angleterre; et des illustres maisons, Françoise de Normandie et d'Anjou, Angloise de York et de Lancaster, Galloise de Tudor, Ecossaise de Stuart, qui ont fourni à l'histoire tant de héros: sans oublier entièrement votre pauvre papa Warner* à qui vous vous êtes fiée, ni votre pauvre petite femme, que vous daignâtes aimer avec tant de tendresse."

HUGH A. LAW.

* The pseudonym adopted by Wogan while at the Court of Ohlau

ART. 7.—NEW WAYS OF CATHOLIC FORMATION

IT seems a truism to say that anyone who is in real touch with modern life, and with the part played by Catholics in it, cannot fail to realize the growing need of deeper religious and philosophical culture if the Catholic mind is to be safeguarded against infection by the principles of merely secular philosophy and of unbelief. And yet, are there very many who have grasped even in these advanced days what J. H. Newman insisted upon so perseveringly throughout his Catholic life concerning the need, for the sake of religion, of a very solid intellectual formation and instruction? There are, indeed, most welcome signs of greater appreciation of the necessities created by the progress of modern life. Need we mention the Summer School of Catholic Studies at Cambridge, the Summer School at Oxford of the Catholic Social Guild, or the lectures given in London on the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas by Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., during a considerable number of years? And need we call attention to the gallant fight for truth of the Catholic Evidence Guild and the zealous preparation of its speakers for their task? However, is it too severe a judgment if we say that, on the whole, both with clergy and lay folk, the interest taken in the tasks of serious intellectual culture is very far from being satisfactory? I confess to have been singularly impressed and exceedingly depressed by a fact I learned, when, last autumn, I had an opportunity of paying a visit to Dublin. Having heard and read about the National University of Ireland, and having been informed about the ample opportunity given at Dublin of studying sound philosophy under the guidance of at least four Catholic professors of philosophy, I hoped to find something similar to what has been carried through at Louvain, where every student, not only of theology, but also of history, literature, law, medicine, social, mathematical or natural science, is obliged to go through a solid philosophical course of at least two years. And what did I learn to my very real consternation? That at Dublin

University College the only students of philosophy are those who need philosophy as a preparation for their theological course, and that no lay students, either men or women, attend philosophical lectures at all. This information was given me by a man whom, from his very position and activity at University College, I had to take as a foremost authority on the subject. The same authority, a layman, complained very much about the progressing secularization of the minds of ever so many educated Catholics, who, faithful so far to the Church, and professing her teaching, have yet, as he put it, no real but only a notional assent to the doctrines of Catholic faith, and fall back more and more, in their real judgment and in their course of action, private and public, upon principles which, for anyone who looks to the bottom of things, are hardly reconcilable with genuine Catholic doctrine and life. And how are things in England and Scotland? The very opportunity of hearing "Catholic Philosophy"—if for brevity's sake we may use this expression—is lacking at the Universities so far, and no provisions of a serious character have been made to give the Catholic student sufficient opportunity for, and impulse towards its use, outside the regular University courses.

In German Universities, at least in those with Catholic Faculties of Theology, the need of Catholic students is provided for in a more or less sufficient way: there are Catholic professors of philosophy, and in a number of other Universities without a Catholic Faculty, so-called "*Weltanschauungsprofessoren*"—*i.e.*, professorships of Catholic philosophical and religious principles—have been erected of late years. In Austrian Universities the Catholic Faculties include chairs of "Christian Philosophy," from which lectures are given not only for theologians, but also for students of other Faculties. Moreover, in those Universities where there are Catholic Faculties of Theology the students generally have the chance of attending theological lectures; and even for philosophical degrees supplementary subjects are not rarely chosen in the field of theological studies—Church history or dogma, for instance. Thus there is a possibility, at least, for many Catholic students to get

continuous and systematic information in philosophical and theological matters—besides the special religious instructions given in University sermons, at meetings of sodalities, and on other similar occasions.

And yet there has been for many years an increasing impression that all this is not sufficient to meet the real needs of the Catholic students. Hence various kinds of attempts have been made to fill the gap. We mention the “Werkwochen” which used to be held by Catholic students of the Quickborn movement since the year 1922, at Burg Rothenfels on the River Main, at the Arch-Abbey of Beuron, and at other places. There is usually a number—twenty to twenty-five, as a rule—of “boys and girls” who, under the guidance of some experienced person, try to make a short but solid study of some problem or set of questions, apologetic, dogmatic, ascetical, social, etc., chiefly in the way of “informal instructions” and mutual discussions, the members of the group contributing their questions, difficulties, attempts at solutions, the president leading all to the premeditated and satisfactory end. The confederation of groups of Catholic post-graduates (*Verband Katholischer Akademiker*) have adopted this kind of instruction along with more formal lectures and conferences in their annual meetings, in which thousands are accustomed to take part, and to a large extent also throughout the year in smaller groups in the several larger and smaller towns of Germany and Austria.

But even all this is felt to be short of what necessity demands. Some days of concentration upon philosophical, theological, and religious truths are something to be sure, but many feel that there are deeper needs which cannot be satisfied except by a much more extended and much more systematic course of formal as well as informal instruction. Hence certain efforts have been and are being made to create opportunities of a Catholic formation of mind and heart considerably beyond what has so far been described. Thinking that British Catholic readers may be interested in these undertakings, I proceed to give an idea of two of them.

First let me say a word about a work which is actually in

course of preparation. A little pamphlet, lately published, gives information about it under the title of Religionshochschule—High School or Academy of Religion.* The Bishop of Paderborn, Dr. Caspar Klein, the priest in charge of the Catholic students at Bonn, Heinrich Lutz, and the general secretary of the Akademische-Bonifatius-Vereinigung, Th. Legge, here set forth the importance, the plan and programme, and the way towards the realization of the undertaking respectively. The pamphlet is edited by the Akademische-Bonifatius-Einigung, an association with the purpose of aiding and developing the religious life of Catholic students in German Universities, Academies, and "Hochschulen" generally.

The leading idea of the Religionshochschule is this. The Catholic lay students need some place where they can find all the conditions required for a deeper religious instruction and formation, such as will be in harmony with, and also able to cope with, all the extended knowledge and accomplishments they acquire in secular subjects during their ordinary University courses. A chance of an intensified study of religious truth, and, at the same time, of a deepened religious life, is to be procured. Therefore the Akademische-Bonifatius-Einigung, which in the course of about sixty years of beneficial activity has not only built quite a number of churches in University towns, but has also provided much for the spiritual welfare of Catholic students by way of retreats, courses of lectures, and conferences, "religious weeks," proposes to erect a house, not in a University town, but in a place allowing of perfect concentration of mind and heart, and affording protection from distraction and secular occupations, and there to institute regular academic courses of Catholic studies. Three times a year, during the long academic Easter and summer vacations, those Catholic students, male and female, who desire such a kind of instruction and help, will be invited to gather in that house and to devote themselves to a solid course of study of four to six weeks' duration. Two or three lecturers will give the courses of lectures and direct the Arbeitsgemeinschaften

* Published by the Bonifatius Druckerei, Paderborn.

or informal instructions—the lectures being held in the mornings, the informal instructions in the afternoons. H. Lutz, out of the immense variety of subjects that may be offered to the audience, mentions such as the following: Fundamental ideas of Catholic dogma; the foundations of Catholic devotion and religious life; the blending together of the natural and supernatural world in Catholic moral teaching; the moral world of Jesus Christ and modern life; the problems of the relations of body and soul; actual problems of life, society, etc., in the light of faith; the Church, her essence and activity; pragmatic history of the Church; introduction to the times, the works, and the spirit of the Fathers; the early Church and modern Catholicism; St. Paul, St. Benedict, St. Francis; Christianity and civilization; the genuine task, the necessity, and limits of science and research in things religious; ethics, asceticism, mysticism; virginity and matrimony; the significance of the years of study and our vocation; religious movements of the present day; the Christian woman in Church and world, etc.

All those who take part in these courses will live a common life during the whole period. Holy Mass in the morning before the work begins, Compline or some other suitable devotion at the end of the day; recreation, music, fine arts in the evenings; walks, excursions, sport on free afternoons or free days: all is to unite into one living whole, informed by religious faith, community fervour, developing all the latent possibilities of truly Catholic culture of mind and heart, and leading up to a definitely Catholic form of life.

In times when no systematic courses of the aforesaid kind are being carried on at the Religionshochschule, the house may be used for various purposes in harmony with its fundamental destination, such as meetings, retreats, short religious or scientific courses, instructions and meetings of "guides." In short, it is hoped that the Religionshochschule will grow to be an intellectual, religious, and moral centre of Catholic undergraduates. And the aim of the whole enterprise is to develop and help a Catholic academic élite who, during the years of their University

studies and throughout their whole lives in their several vocations and positions, are apt and ready to set the example of truly Catholic life, and to aid their fellows and friends and all those they have to deal with towards an understanding and an appreciation of the world of Faith, and thus to contribute to the permeation of the whole of modern society by the light and grace that are from above.

Whereas the primary intention of the Religions-hochschule is to develop the personal religious culture and life of Catholic students, with a hope no doubt of gaining thus a wider influence of a religious kind, the other undertaking, of which we now wish to say a few words, has more directly the purpose of forming men of intense Catholic activity and of fitting them for such activity, both intellectually and morally, by a very special kind of education and instruction. It is the St. Michael-Institut (Frankfurt-am-Main, Rotlindstrasse 40) which undertakes this work, and which has been carrying it on already for about five years.

St. Michael's Institute is based on a very careful selection and training of young men who, though preparing for a secular calling, are firmly determined to live and work for, and give their very best to, the cause of Religion and of souls. The selection usually takes place in the second University session of the students aspiring to the membership in the Institute at a time when, on the one side, character and faculties are already sufficiently discernible, and when, on the other side, there is still sufficient time left during the academic studies for the patient formation of those who are admitted to the preparatory courses. As a rule, only lay students are admitted; and they have to satisfy the following conditions: their natural powers of mind must be beyond the average; they must be inclined to an active rather than contemplative kind of life; they must acknowledge with head and heart all the dogmas of the Church; they must be of good health, bodily and mentally; and have the firm resolution of becoming members of the Institute.

The training of the students thus selected comprises a course of about two years. The very first step in the forma-

tion is a strenuously moral and religious one: a thirty days' retreat on the basis of the Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola. This retreat is made in groups of not more than twelve members, under the direction of a Father of the Society of Jesus, in the calm and quiet seclusion of a secularized Premonstratensian monastery at Wyhlen in Baden. The education towards generosity and a spirit of sacrifice, those indispensable qualities of all who are to become guides of others, and the foundation of the whole of the interior and exterior life on God, Christ, and the Church, are the main aims of this prolonged retreat. The retreat as well as the subsequent courses of study take place in successive vacations about Easter time and in summer. The courses of study are three, two groups of twelve students who have already gone through their retreat being united into one class. The courses of study are held at the same place as the retreat, and in perfect seclusion from the external world, in order to secure the utmost concentration on the subjects of the study. One single teacher is to conduct the classes and instructions throughout the three courses of study. The two first complete courses of formation—1924-25 and 1926-27—were directed by Father E. Przywara, the well-known Jesuit writer. The coming course in 1928-29 will be conducted by a Benedictine monk, it being a regulation of the Institute that there should be a change of teachers from time to time, though the unity of teaching within the limits of each complete course of studies is strongly insisted upon. The three courses of study which are to give a special stamp to the intellectual formation of the young men's minds last six to seven weeks each. During these courses daily Mass, half an hour's meditation, and Compline are obligatory for all. The instructions comprise two lectures in the morning, and in the afternoon an informal instruction (a "seminary" in the style of the German Universities) or reading and explanation of some philosophical author, and, moreover, an hour's discussion of problems treated in the lectures. The rest of the day is left to the private study of the subject-matters of lectures and "seminaries." The Sundays are kept free for recreation. The subject-matter of the two first

courses is metaphysical philosophy—the whole of philosophy and its various parts being treated from a purely metaphysical point of view. The third, concluding, course is devoted to dogmatic theology. The principal aim of this whole course of metaphysical and dogmatic study is not to convey a maximum of knowledge, but to communicate a solid philosophical method and an insight into the main problems of metaphysical philosophy and into their relevancy to human and Christian life. The students are expected to use the intervals of the courses for a continuation of the studies undertaken in the classes.

By the whole of this ascetical, philosophical, and dogmatical formation the students are to be enabled to make their general or special University studies with a deep consciousness of unity and coherence, referring all the particular fields of knowledge and practice to the great central truths and tasks of Catholic religion. This comprehensive unity, then, of the University studies, and the formation in the schools of the Institute, is to be the basis of the Catholic work, intellectual, moral, and religious, which the members of the Institute have chosen as their special task to carry out in their professional life as teachers, lawyers, medical men, officials, engineers, etc.

As has already been intimated, the whole course of formation, comprising the great retreat and the three terms of study, is of a preparatory character. It is only after the completion of this course in its entirety that the time has come for the student to be admitted as a member of St. Michael's Institute. The programme of the Institute is first of all to secure the continuous formation of new groups of young men in the way and for the ends already described, and, moreover, to render possible a co-operation of the members who have already gone through their formation and are engaged in the work of their several vocations. The basis of this co-operation, as of the whole preparatory formation, is a religious one. All the members (who enter the Institute by a promise of loyalty to the statutes and the spirit of the Institute) take on themselves the obligation of half an hour's daily mental prayer. They take part in a retreat of at least five days' duration every

year. Fifteen years after their first great retreat they go through another and last retreat of thirty days. The members remain united in a spirit of mutual and helpful charity. They are obliged to contribute in a very considerable degree to the maintenance of the Institute and of its work. In connection with the annual retreat there is a meeting in which the members, by papers read and discussions held, communicate to each other the fruits of their studies and of their experience in practical work for the Kingdom of God. Throughout the year they try to co-operate with each other either directly, according to circumstances and the nature of their work, or indirectly, through the special contact they maintain with the President, called Primus. Each single member, however, in working for the purposes and according to the programme of the Institute, has to act on his personal conscience and responsibility; the Primus has only the right of giving advice, which is to be seriously considered, but has not the right of command.

In order to have a moral as well as a financial support, and a closer connection with the Catholic community and life in general, the St. Michael's Institute has gathered round itself a considerable number of friends, cardinals, bishops, priests, laymen, in leading positions, who take a special interest in the pursuits of the Institute, and who, since August, 1926, united into an "Association of Friends of St. Michael's Institute." The number of these friends was about 200 in the summer of 1927.

Such are, in rough outline, the principles, aims, methods of St. Michael's Institute. The Institute is still in its beginnings. Its statutes were laid down only about two years ago. The methods of co-operation have not yet been fully developed. Many a problem has still to be solved. There can, however, be no doubt that the fundamental ideas and methods of the Institute are capable of helping towards the realization of tasks the importance of which is increasing from year to year. The necessities of a more profound preparation, intellectual, moral, and religious, of Catholic laymen for their work in the Kingdom of God, and the need of their co-operation with the more immediately religious activity of the hierarchy and clergy, are

not limited to the particular state of things in Germany, where these ideas of St. Michael's Institute had their origin. The same conditions and necessities are found more or less throughout the cultured nations of Europe, and they call for the same or for similar and equivalent or even more powerful methods and organizations than those which we see, in part at least, carried out in St. Michael's Institute. And what is true of this Institute applies in its way also to the idea of the Religionshochschule described in the first place. The aims, tasks, and methods of the two works are, as will have been made clear, by no means the same. But they co-operate within the same great mystical body of the Church and its Catholic life, and they are steps, and, as we earnestly think, important steps, towards the effective adaptation of the organism of the Catholic Society at large, and of Catholic minds in particular, to the existing circumstances of intellectual, social, and spiritual life, which have been profoundly changed since the beginning of this century, and still more since the tragedy of the Great War.

DOM DANIEL FEULING, O.S.B.

ART. 8.—A BY-WAY IN MONASTIC HISTORY

The Life of Fr. Ignatius. By Baroness Bertouch. Methuen.

IN a recent book by an Anglican dignitary, which dealt with various experiments in the monastic life which have been made in the Church of England, no mention was made of the late Father Ignatius and his once famous Benedictine monastery in Wales. And yet among those of the rank and file of Anglicans who have ever heard of monks belonging to their body, probably nine out of ten have known of them in this connection. Canon Ollard's silence is significant of several things. It suggests, what is certainly true, that the Church of England which repudiated Father Ignatius during his life continues to repudiate him after his death; it suggests, moreover, that the majority of individual members of that Church repudiate him—he was, in general terms, too obviously Protestant for the High Church party and too ritualistic and popish for the rest; and it suggests, what again is certainly true, that, except for profit brought to individual souls, his experiment was an utter failure; that his death left only a memory; and that with the passing of those who knew him personally that memory is getting more and more dim.

Nevertheless it should not be allowed to perish entirely, and Catholics may well bear in mind the astonishing career of a remarkable man.* For he was the means, under God, whereby not a few people found the Faith; he induced more than one disgruntled and wavering priest and many rebellious lay-folk not to leave the Church; and in the opposition which the principle of monasticism has encountered in Great Britain during the past 130 years he bore far more persecution and active ill-treatment than any other single individual or community, Catholic or Protestant.

Granted that he had the odium of being regarded as a traitor as well as a monkish rogue, still I think it is no exaggeration to say that the religious of Great Britain today

* "Only a few weeks before his lamented death Cardinal Wiseman expressed to us the warmest praise of the zeal and labours of the Anglican monk Ignatius."—A correspondent in the *Westminster Gazette*, January 27, 1877.

owe gratitude to Father Ignatius for all he did to familiarize the people of England with the forgotten, misjudged, or vilified idea of monasticism. The first post-reformation community of contemplatives in England, the French Cistercians at Lulworth, wore labourer's clothes and wigs over their tonsures when they worked in the fields, but in spite of such precautions were forced to leave the country; later, a scandalous fellow was able easily to stir up a public uproar against their English brethren at Mount Saint Bernard's; seventy-five or so years ago the English Benedictines, such as those of Downside, were to outward seeming a college of ordinary clergymen—many monks died having worn their holy habit even indoors only on the days of clothing and profession; in 1842 the simple Passionist habit of Dominic Barberi excited personal violence and abuse; it is well known that only in 1926 were monastic houses and the wearing of religious habits in public made legal in England.*

Ignatius once stayed at Mount Saint Bernard's Abbey, by arrangement with Ambrose Phillips de Lisle, its founder, who kept up friendship and an irregular correspondence with him. His biographer, the Baroness de Bertouch, contrasts the comparative peace of the Cistercians' home with the "limb-to-limb jeopardy in which his own efforts in an analogous direction were constantly placing his individual existence." Though she does not advert to the partial cause of and obvious remedy for this state of things, the contrast is a perfectly fair one to draw. Only a little time previously his Elm Hill "priory" at Norwich had been the cause of rioting, pillage, and police interference in both that city and Ipswich. It is characteristic of the disorderly and exaggerated devotion which he inspired in so many that his biographer does not hesitate to write of an ovation which he received about this time that "it may be almost likened to a far-off and inverted echo of the Hosannas of the Procession of Palms and the clamour in Pilate's judgement Hall"!

* Even now the wearing of the habit *semper et ubique* is confined in general to the Benedictines of Quarr, Buckfast and Caldey, and to certain individual monks and friars. It is a pity, for in these days the sight of the habit has considerable "propaganda value"—to put it at its lowest.

Father Ignatius was born in 1837, the son of Francis Lyne and his wife Louis^a, a member of the family of the Leycesters of Tabley, and the boy was christened Joseph Leycester. He wrote in the *New York World* in 1890:

"I was as a child very religious, and had a great love for the Lord Jesus Christ, because I had some vague idea that He died for us men. . . . At St. Paul's School under Dr. Kynaston till fourteen years of age; till nineteen under a private tutor. . . . I recollect that the Quakers elicited my warmest sympathy and interest as a child because of the stand they seemed to me to make against the world for religion's sake. . . . At the age of nineteen I was very anxious to prepare for Holy Orders in the Church of England; I had imbibed very strong High Church ideas. . . . At the age of twenty-three years I was ordained [deacon] and I took a mental vow to live a celibate life for Christ's sake and His work. My first curacy was at St. Peter's, Plymouth, where I met Dr. Pusey and Miss Sellon, the lady who first restored the monastic life for women in the Church of England. . . . I determined in the year 1861 to embrace the life of a monk. . . . [In Belgium] my monastic vocation was deepened by all I saw and heard. . . . While at St. George's Mission [east London] I became acquainted with the rule of St. Benedict and with some Benedictine monks. I read the rule carefully. There was nothing in it inconsistent with fidelity to the English Church. . . . So I became a Benedictine. Two other people were willing to join me now. I was twenty-four years of age. My father was very angry and refused to give me any further help. I must also leave my curacy and its stipend and make a beginning. I realized that I should be penniless."

There followed seven strenuous and heroic years. Headquarters were offered the little band at Claydon, in Suffolk, and the first house was founded at Norwich. He at once came into collision with the bishop, who inhibited him from preaching in the diocese; but Ignatius was not deterred. There is no question but that he was a powerful orator; he proceeded to deliver lectures and preach in public

halls, and money began to come in. Thrice his health (always poor) gave way entirely. He worked with tremendous energy, had continually to combat the negative opposition of superiors and the very positive opposition of "the mob," and he was handicapped (as throughout his life) by his unhappy knack of accepting as postulants unsuitable and even thoroughly bad characters. On one occasion he returned from London to find his monastery in the hands of rebel monks, one of whom subsequently got nine years' imprisonment for theft. After his second illness a benefactress enabled him to make a European tour in company with a habited nun and a three-year-old "oblate"! But so transparent was his sincerity and good faith that in Rome he was granted a private audience by Pope Pius IX, of which there is an unintentionally amusing account in his biography, that ponderous work.

On his return he lost the Norwich property as the result of a lawsuit, and went to London as a free-lance preacher. His success was enormous. The churches were crowded, "conversions" were wholesale, and there were also riots which necessitated the use of mounted police. The *London Times* went into hysterics, and money flowed in at such a rate that Ignatius was able to buy that piece of land near Llanthony, in the Black Mountains of Wales, on which for seven years his heart had been set and with which his name is so commonly connected.

Three monasteries have borne the name of Llanthony—the original Llanthony Priory, of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, founded by Hugh de Lacy about 1120, whose ruins still adorn the Vale of Ewyas in the extreme north of Monmouthshire; its daughter-house near Gloucester, which carried away not only the name, but also the revenues, bells, vestments, and other properties of its parent; and that Anglican establishment whose sole claim to the name Llanthony was the sentimental choice of its founder, for, though only four and a half miles away, it is in a different parish, county, and kingdom to Llanthony proper.

Father Ignatius acquired some thirty acres of land on the southern slope of a mountain above this hamlet of

Capel-y-ffin, in the valley of the Honddhu, or of Ewyas, then, as now, a remote and inaccessible spot, eleven miles from a railway. Here, in the course of the following years, and amid hardships and labours recalling the early days of the Cistercians, a church and monastery were built and a community formed whose avowed object was the establishment or, as they called it, the revival, of Benedictine monasticism in the Church of England.

The attempt must be set down a failure, not merely because on the death of the founder the tiny community dispersed, but because at its most flourishing period it lacked the essential Benedictine stability; its life was but a partial and eclectic following of the Holy Rule, and it never received the slightest recognition from Anglican authority. This was due not merely to the novelty of monastic ideas to the Church of England at that time, but also to the defiance of authority and uncompromising outspokenness of Ignatius. He was a "heresy-hunter" of the first water—at any rate where bishops and dignitaries were concerned—so that at one time or another he was inhibited from preaching in practically every diocese of England.

Owing both to circumstances and to defect of character, the reasons for failure must be looked for in Father Ignatius himself. There can be no doubt that personally, though unbalanced, eccentric, and an arrant sentimentalist, he was a sincere, honest, and conscientious man, of so lovable a disposition that few were not attracted to him; but he was quite unable to discern character in others, and was credulous to the verge of gullibility. The consequence was that, added to the coming and going of postulants and novices ordinary to a religious house, there was the distraction of the presence, discovery, and dismissal of many an impostor and blackguard, just as there had been at Norwich.

Furthermore, a large proportion of his time was spent away from the monastery, either in preaching his missions up and down the country, or begging alms for his foundation both at home and abroad, and, as one result of these journeys was further to impair his delicate health, it

followed that when he was at home he failed to observe the rule which he imposed on his monks. This rule itself was "Ignatian" rather than Benedictine; it included daily Bible-reading in common, fantastic and absurd penances, polyglot offices (English, Welsh, Latin), and the definite rejection of any part of the Rule of St. Benedict which did not appeal to him. The rule was sufficiently hard. Mattins and Lauds at two a.m., with no return to bed; four or five hours of manual work a day; an hour's siesta after dinner; the one full meal of Lent not till five p.m.; bed not till nearly nine o'clock. The penance for breaking the *summum silentium* was to recite the whole of the psalter before going to bed; and if it was necessary to speak during the daytime (apart from an hour's recreation) it had to be done in a whisper, kneeling, with hood over the head and hands under the scapular! This did not promote efficiency in work. When it is added that Father Ignatius exercised a rigid supervision over the reading of his monks, which prevented them both from learning anything contrary to his teaching or improving their knowledge of monastic life and tradition, and that, while living his own life within the community, every detail of its daily life had to be brought to his notice, it will be realized that any stability was impossible. It was, in fact, almost a caricature of the monastic life.

The habit he invented was an index to his monasticism. He wore a tonsure like a Dominican, a rope girdle like a Franciscan, sandals (because they were more monkish than boots) like a Carmelite, and what he called the "old Saxon" form of hood; moreover, he called himself Ignatius-of-Jesus, after the manner of a Passionist.

His theology was equally individualistic. He had almost Calvinistic ideas on salvation, and believed in independent national churches. He was a fiery and eloquent defender of the Real Presence, and recognized seven sacraments, but he regarded Penance as rather unnecessary (one of his monks, now a Catholic Benedictine, has recorded that he gave up having a confessor periodically for his monks as they were "so much more troublesome after such occasions than before"!); he substituted for it a kind of Methodist

"conversion," which played an important part in his theological ideas.*

He himself wrote: "I left college as ignorant of Jesus as my personal Saviour as when I entered it. Neither Dr. Hannah nor Prof. Bright could give me 'the knowledge of salvation for the remission of sins.' The Holy Ghost alone could do that by 'taking of the things of Jesus and showing them to me.' . . . After receiving Jesus I continued a monk out of love and gratitude to Jesus." He would not permit any clergyman to officiate or any lay person to communicate in his church until he was satisfied that he or she was "saved." In a sermon on "The Prepared Place" he referred to a parishioner who "has been brought to God at our services; she has been to the priest to be prepared for Confirmation, and the priest has done his best to damn her soul by telling her not to believe Jesus Christ, and that she may go to balls and concerts." There speaks a Methodist, a fanatic, and a Manichean. He goes on: "The priest told her . . . that balls and theatres are right. I trust, though, that she is one of the Lord's people." In another sermon: "The fashions and pleasures [of a London season] are vile and cruel; the tyranny of ruin and evil saturates every single part of earth's system of pleasure." In his monastery church was a shrine of our Lady; celibate clergymen were allowed to officiate at the communion-table at the shrine: married clergymen outside the shrine only (from the same handbill I learnt that "any rite, Sarum, Roman, even Prayer Book, is permitted")! On one occasion he publicly rebuked a Catholic priest on Hereford railway station for smoking a pipe. His attitude towards the Catholic Church was respectful, even affectionate, but not well informed. While in America he published twenty-one reasons "Why I am not a Roman Catholic," of which the first was, "Because I am a Catholic—*i.e.*, I hold the Faith that is common to the whole Church, East and West." He ends up: "I never could be a Roman Catholic while disbelieving the *Roman Special Doctrines*."

* "Rev. Father, what are you? As a monk you are a Roman Catholic; in orders you are an Episcopalian, in preaching you are a Calvinist, in exhortation a Methodist." So the *New York Herald* apostrophized him in 1891.

In 1890 Father Ignatius went on a thirteen months' mission to the United States. He preached to the Indians, interviewed President Harrison, and held "soul-saving missions" in New York, Boston, Quebec, Fort Myers, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, and many other places. But, with characteristic courage, he "cut the financial throat of his mission" by a violent and quite justifiable "heresy-hunt," in which he attacked Dr. Heber Newton, of All Souls', New York City, Dr. Rainsforth, and Phillips Brooks, the future Bishop of Massachusetts.

On his return he found his community in a very low state, and that the three nuns had submitted to the Holy See. The idea of a "double monastery" is strange to these days, but such were common in England in the early Middle Ages. Ignatius had copied the custom and established a convent adjoining his monastery; the nuns were strictly enclosed, and had a grilled gallery in the church above the monks' choir. The experiment seems to have aroused remarkably little scandalous talk, but the three unfortunate women had found their isolation insupportable (the Anglican bishop refused to help them), and all three joined Catholic communities. In 1868 Father Ignatius had founded another convent of nuns at Feltham in Middlesex. This prospered (largely in the first place through the founder ceasing to control it) and became eventually the St. Bride's community at Milford Haven, whose thirty-four members became Catholics at the same time as the Caldey monks in 1913. They are now established as a house of the English Congregation O.S.B. at Talacre Abbey, North Wales.

It must be remembered that all these thirty-eight years Father Ignatius was still a deacon, and his community was generally dependent for its ministrations on stray clerical visitors. This was a factor in its failure and a continual discouragement to its small and constantly changing personnel. As an example of the fluctuations that went on, of twelve monks in the summer of 1890 only two were left in the autumn of the same year.

Nor is it surprising that Father Ignatius continued to fail to get the recognition and encouragement of his ecclesiastical authorities. On the contrary, such was his increas-

ingly critical and uncompromising attitude towards what he deemed the liberalism and apathy of the bishops that he could not get one to ordain him further, and in 1898 he took a step which made the breach with his Church complete, and alienated numerous individual sympathizers.

There was at that time in England a person who called himself Mar Timotheus. He was an apostate French seminarian, by name Vilatte, who had been ordained by the Old Catholic Bishop Herzog, in Switzerland, and consecrated bishop by Archbishop Alvarez (Mar Julius), himself an apostate priest of Goa who had received consecration from the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch. The patriarch had authorized Alvarez and two heretical Malabarrese bishops to consecrate Vilatte "Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Old Catholics of America," with permission to use the Latin rite in the West, omitting the *Filioque*.* This picturesque and exotic personage turned up almost unannounced in the lonely Welsh valley on July 18, and in the succeeding ten days proceeded to ordain Father Ignatius priest and to give all the orders, minor and major, to one of his monks. The Roman rite was used: "To us it did not seem half so satisfactory as our own Prayer Book rite . . . however, the validity of the rite is questioned by none, though that of the English Ordinal is; and we are, of course, satisfied"! But nobody else was. This "act of treachery" (for which an outsider may be permitted to think there was some excuse) was too much for many of the followers of Ignatius; it was a powerful weapon for his enemies, and did him lasting harm.†

Had he been a Catholic, Ignatius, could he have effaced himself sufficiently to undergo a novitiate successfully, might have been a famous Passionist or Redemptorist, but hardly a Benedictine. Though the ambition of his life

* See Fortescue's *The Lesser Eastern Churches* (C. T. S. of London, 1913) p. 372.

† A most entertaining account of and *apologia* for these highly irregular, not to say sacrilegious, ordinations was contributed to the *Hereford Times* of August 6, 1898, by "Father Iltud Mary of the Epiphany, Monk, O.S.B.," secretary of the community. The validity of these ordinations has been much discussed. Both subjects were certainly baptized, and it seems beyond doubt that Vilatte was a bishop. But the other monk, who submitted to the Holy See some years ago, has never exercised the priesthood as a Catholic.

was to be a monk—*i.e.*, a cloistered and contemplative soul—his great success was as a preacher, and his missions are still fresh in the minds of many men. Even his “papistical doctrines” and flamboyant ceremonial did not prevent the magnetism of his personality and the evangelical fervour of his moving oratory, occasionally fine, often crude, always florid and appealing to the emotions, from attracting crowds of people from all parts of Wales to his monastery church at Capel-y-ffin, so well named, “at the end,” in the Black Mountains, fifteen miles from anywhere. At least twice a year, at Ascensiontide and at the anniversary of the “Apparition,” every road and bridle-path was traversed by pilgrims, of whom some, doubtless, came to scoff, but most remained to pray; while in London and elsewhere women have been known to strip off their jewels and put them into the collection plate to be sold for the benefit of the monastery. Mention of the “Apparition” demands a passing reference. He, Ignatius, and his immediate followers lived in an atmosphere of expectancy of miracles, so it would have been remarkable had they witnessed none. The index of his biography gives twenty-two references to “supernatural occurrences,” ranging from the raising of the dead by Ignatius (with the aid of Lourdes water) to the apparition of our Lady and the Celestial Choir. I have had no opportunity to examine the evidence for any of them; but I fear the monk was as credulous as his biographer.

Perhaps no man since John Wesley has been so well able to “wale his portion” for the conversion of sinners. For all that, he did not convert a single one among the people of the neighbourhood to his particular version of Christianity. Indeed, he did not try. But he has left a fine impression of goodness, kindness, and generosity throughout the district, and a word against the memory of “the Father” would be bitterly resented by the older folk in the valley farms.

Father Ignatius died in 1908, and, the remaining monks being unable to “carry on,” the property passed to the Anglican community of Caldey Island, which was in 1913 received into the Catholic Church. For fifteen years the monastic buildings, of a sham Gothic reminiscent of Sir

Walter Scott and *The Ingoldsby Legends*, with the choir of a church of huge proportions and an altar of appalling ugliness, hemmed in by mountains, the quiet life of the country going on as ever around them, stood untenanted, save by the body of their founder.

Of their former inhabitants, some have returned to secular life, some to the ministry of the Church of England, yet others to the priesthood of the Catholic Church. Through these, whatsoever was true, whatsoever just, whatsoever of good report in the hopes and ideals of Father Ignatius, bear their fruit and so reduce the bitterness of his failure.

The Caldey monks had neither the funds nor the subjects to found a daughter-house, and the desolation of the buildings was not brought to an end until the summer of 1924, when they were let as a private dwelling-house to a large family of Catholics.

The great church was found to be beyond repair, so a chapel was made of the former north cloister, where Mass is said daily by a priest who lives in an adjoining house. The nearest Catholic church in any direction is fifteen miles, and the former Anglican "monastery" is now an outpost of Catholicity amid the Black Mountain valleys, whose sparse population is chiefly of the Baptist persuasion.

Thus both experiments in Anglican Benedictinism, Llanthony and Caldey, have ended in the bosom of the only true Mother of Monks. Llanthony as a monastery is dead. Caldey lives, a true house of true Benedictines.

DONALD ATTWATER.

ART. 9.—NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS AND PARTY POLITICS

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I

IT is often said that party politics are at the present day in a state of crisis. Yet any one of the important works recently published on political subjects is sufficient to show that parties are the necessary corollary of the parliamentary system. Wherever there is a parliament, there are parties. Unorganized where the parliament is still in embryo, they cease to be factions and assume gradually the garb and the function of party as the popular meeting or the aristocratic council grows and develops into our modern constitutional bodies. Even if we could not account for it we should accept the fact, since in all political research history is the one and only reality at which we can clutch through experience, the rest being a hypothetical zone surrounding the solid world of our experience. But we can account for this fact. From the historical point of view we have the work of Mr. MacIver; he has shown the shifting nature of the will of the people which makes parliamentarianism with its party organization a necessity; whilst the general will, which is not the will for a policy but for the State, is that which makes the working of the whole machine possible in spite of the opposition of the contending minorities and majorities. From the philosophical point of view we have the theories of G. Gentile, according to which any form of society implies particular elements which offer an endless resistance to the process of unification—that is, of universalization of the main characteristics. A body of men

that should perfectly unify their spiritual diversity, abolishing every sign of variety, would inevitably go to pieces, since it would lose the movement of the spiritual forces which alone can make it alive. In fact, it would be already dead. For it is the eternally recurring opposition of interests and wills that permits the dynamic unity of life to pulsate in any social combination. Consequently the differences are necessary to the life of the whole; they are the principle of change and progress without which the political body would be just as dead and useless as the Being of Parmenides.

But it is just as obvious that if it is the differences which endow a body of men with dynamic life and make thereby development possible, it is the unity of the body which gives it the organic character indispensable to such life. Again, it is the general will as distinct from the will of the people which supplies the organic unity, whilst the latter supplies, as we have seen, the dynamic differences.

Mr. MacIver, in his chapter on the "Residence of Authority," illustrates in the most telling way the difference between the will of the people and the general will. For him the will of the people determines the various policies which are advocated in any one State at any given moment. It is finally defined on any given policy by the vote of the majority. It keeps the government in power as long as the governing parties keep in touch with it, and its sovereignty is perhaps more adequately manifested in the support it grants to or derives from such a government than in the actual elections. For the party in power is anxious to avoid offending the government, and seeks not only to conform to the prevailing sentiments of its supporters, but as far as possible to conciliate other elements. Here already the will is not so much a will for a definite object of legislation as a general sentiment in support of one particular government rather than another, and we are imperceptibly shifting from the will of the people to the general will. This manifests itself completely in uniting or keeping together those who win and those who lose. *It is not the will for a policy, but the will for the State.* It is the will of membership, of communion.

Certainly the survey of the State Mechanism offered

to us by Sir John Marriott, better than any other book, enables us to detect the subtle and yet almighty forces that move the bulky and complicated engine. These are two: *identity* and *difference*. There are many forms under which they appear animating the whole of life, but in politics there are mainly two—the identity and differences of interest, the identity and differences of ideas and principles. Although the relations of the former to the latter are so many and so intertwined as to make it unhistorical to separate them, it will be necessary to do so here for the sake of clearness.

In the writings that deal with the crisis of party politics the evils most often put in evidence seem to fall into two categories. First there is division and subdivision, amounting to decomposition of parties; this perhaps is more obvious in France than anywhere else, but it was most decidedly the case in Italy, especially with liberalism, immediately before and after the war.* Then there is the waning of the inner life and the overgrowth of the bulky machine which seems to be the essence of the party, as if the organization was not exclusively the consequence, though absolutely a necessary and essential one, of the practical purpose or abstract principle which sets the party in action, making discipline possible. What was an active body assumes the weakness of a corpse, bringing decomposition in the rank and file and corrupting or simply lulling to sleep the spiritual life of the party. In every case all the difficulties seem to arise from the lack of political self-consciousness, *meaning by political self-consciousness just as much the awareness men have of what they have in common in their economic, intellectual, and moral interests, as the more or less clear notion they have of the nature of what is, or rather ought to be, the State.* It may, therefore, be interesting to consider what is the part played by self-consciousness in the formation or dissolution of political parties through its capacity to produce the synthetic principle in virtue of which every form of society exists, and to beget the differences in virtue of which life may circulate in any such form of society.

* See Ruggiero, *op. cit.*, end of Vol. II.

II

This is not the place to criticize Marx, but it is necessary to point out here that only a thorough criticism of his notion of praxis, or practical life, can ensure the relation of all that is sound and fertile in his view of history, and the exclusion of all that is unsound and unhealthy. Such a task has been discharged by G. Gentile in two very youthful essays which are sufficient to point the way to a clearer view of the interaction of economic, intellectual, and moral forces. And it may safely be said that the tendency to identify the State with the government, to set the State or the Church on the same plane as other associations, are tendencies which we owe to the weakest side of Marxism. It has been said by one of his forerunners and countrymen that the moral and practical life of individual men depends on their idea of God—we might add, of reality and life as a whole. Considering political life as it appears in all the books mentioned above, one comes to the conclusion that nothing has more influence over the life of the *Polis* than the notion men have of what the country, the State, ought to be. That in determining such a conception of what the State ought to be *particular interests have the greatest share* nobody will gainsay; but that they determine it altogether, as some have held, is a fact that must be questioned.

It is unnecessary to go back to the Greeks. Their influence upon us is a theoretical one and of a very peculiar nature, since it originated through the reading of their works, mainly characteristic of an epoch when people were far too subjective to discard the practical problems with which they were beset when engaged in their intellectual pursuits, thus projecting their worries and conceptions of life into the authors they were reading. Since the things that are not Cæsar's were wrenched from the sphere of politics, since every believer—*i.e.*, man as capable of belief—was granted infinite spiritual power, since every man, *qua* man, is equal to any other man in the eyes of God, the marvellous constitutions of the Greek cities have assumed an artistic value and lost all political significance.

Indeed, the Romans are nearer to us in many respects. Their administrative and political organizations have,

even directly, influenced ours through their time-defying system of law. But it must be noticed that their universality was such that they transcended the State in Art, Religion, Philosophy, even as we do, though in a lesser degree.

When people fear that the idea of nationality should beget narrowness of mind and an exclusive selfishness they lose sight of the fact that this could only happen in people who have no religious, artistic, philosophic, scientific, or economic interests of any kind. For each time that man worships a universal God he enters into communion with the soul of all the faithful. As soon as he is engaged in any artistic pursuits, he becomes aware that there is no national art, but merely national schools of art. Who would speak of English chemistry or German medicine? As to philosophy, the fact is too obvious; each epoch sees it flourishing in the country that is most vigorous both in the realm of practice and in the realm of theory, and combining there with national characteristics the universal legacies of the past.

If the idea of nationality has bred the evils it seems to have entailed it is because, in consequence of naturalistic or materialistic philosophy, the country, people, or nation was regarded as a physical reality, or, worse still, as a huge mechanism determined by the play of economic forces. In the first case, the State appeared as an individual of a natural species, one among many, *bellum contra omnes* being the inevitable result. For the right attitude towards this whole class of natural phenomena—*i.e.*, towards all the nations of the world—would have been that of the scientist in front of a collection of mammifers. But this objective attitude could not be reached because nobody can assume it towards a reality that is throbbing in his blood and soul; and what remained was merely the antagonism and rivalry, determined by the measuring of any one country according to the amount of physical reality and military force it could boast. As if Persia had been a greater country than Greece, or Russia than France! In the second case, sometimes combined with the first, the State is called into being, and develops owing to the material need of man into a mechanism which may put the world on fire just as easily

as the physical State, because it is even more material, and therefore even more amoral.

The State, people, country, or nation, whatever the name given to the political person, being divorced in this way from the consciousness of the citizens where Christianity had placed it as a means to an end—*i.e.*, as the means of providing the possibility of moral life—it became autonomous, or as something having an end in itself; it became a God, and as such called for the worship we know, and with the consequences we know still better.

Either the State is identified with extension of territory, racial or cultural claims, and military forces are logically its paramount expression, begetting either political or fiscal tyranny; or it is the economic organization, oscillating between two magnetic poles, capitalism and parasitism. In both cases it is amoral. Several centuries of history witness to the fact, as far as the foreign policy of the great powers is concerned.

As to home politics the result cannot be called worse, but it is certainly not better. Yet the English can boast the fact that the views of such easy philosophy, dissolving, disintegrating, as they are for strong parties, has worked much more slowly through its political life than anywhere else. The causes of this privileged fate are various, but the chief is probably the healthy mixture of theory and practice which runs all through the political life of the country. Men do not join a party merely owing to their conviction, yet no party has hitherto been constituted except on a definite creed, either implying a practical purpose or a set of theoretical principles, and through their historical vicissitudes the liberals, for instance, have renewed this soul of their body each time that the original principles had ceased to have a vital meaning, each time that the claims for the satisfaction of which they had been called into being were fulfilled or had become obsolete.* Whichever of the books mentioned above one chooses to consult† as to the coming into being of parties, one must come to the same conclusion: the normal source is found in the emergence of some type of political doctrine or some

* Ruggiero, *op. cit.*, pp. 100-152.

† Beer, *op. cit.*, throughout.

specific practical issue which divides the citizens, some taking one side, some another.* In both cases we have a conviction, a common belief, as the root of the party, the only difference being a question of mode of expression; for political ideas or sentiments express themselves as adequately in practical deeds as they do in abstract theories. Now since the last quarter of the eighteenth century this fact has been the common knowledge of English political writers. Edmund Burke, Lord Salisbury, Lord Bryce, all proclaim it unanimously, and the last two find there the justification for party organization and discipline. The general knowledge of this is sufficient both to account for the greater consistency of the English parties and to prove that any political group resting on the consciousness of each member of having something in common with all the others, can be identified as the essence of the groups. It should be sufficient also to prove beyond doubt that, owing to the theoretical principles and the practical issues which determine the coming into being of a party, such parties share the nature of all the social groups which come to fulfil a particular end. Their cause is a contingent one; like a firm, a school, or any other association, and *in this, unlike the State*, they are born to die out or to fit themselves to another purpose when their original one is reached.

Consciousness is the basis of any group of men whenever such group reaches organic unity. A football team cannot be formed with little boys four or five years old, however much they may like to kick a football or run after it; whereas it becomes possible as soon as they have grown aware of what the playing of the game really is and means. Trade unions or a labour party could not develop as long as workmen were not definitely conscious either of their rights or of the possible action of such combination. The same might be said of any other kind of group, sporting, economic, æsthetic, intellectual, moral. To associate, and to be capable of organic associative action, single men must know to what purpose they do so. Collective consciousness does not exist except in the single minds; it is, in fact,

* Bryce, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 126.

part of the development of such minds. The whole history of political systems in our western world shows the introduction into the sphere of power of greater and greater numbers parallel with the development and spreading of political consciousness. It is only when man knows his own value that he respects the value of other people; it is only when he has realized what rights other people are enjoying that he claims them for himself. Hence it must be obvious that it was no injustice to deny political rights to people who were unable to conceive the State and were in consequence unable to act in it as political factors. But it would have been absolutely unjust to deny the same rights to the same people when the natural development of Christian thought had made them aware of their value in the State and of the part they played in it. The ideal equality and the historical inequality of men can only be reconciled in an organization in which every man gets his due according to actual service.

If it is true that any group of men reaches organic unity owing to the consciousness of the individual members belonging to it, it is equally true that such groups can only deal with other groups when, knowing themselves fully, they can recognize in the other collectivities that which they have in common. This appears clearly in the history of the English parties; Whigs and Tories, Liberals and Conservatives are said by Sir John Marriott* to have been men very much of the same class and education. Judged from that point of view, this might give them social affinities only; but such identity of education entailed the sharing of some general ideas, of religious, philosophical, moral, and therefore political values. The structures of the two parties rested each on the consciousness that its single members had of the practical issues and theoretical creed with a view to which they were associated; the superstructure of parliament as a whole rested on the consciousness common to both sides that the ultimate end and purpose was to deal with the practical problems of the moment, making in the same time the country and the people as great and happy as possible.

* *Op. cit.*, Vol. II., p. 417.

The varying conceptions of what was politically and morally good determined with the particular policies the differences which necessarily made political life dynamic and progressive; the general ideas as to what the country was or should be provided the identity necessary to make the life of the State one and organic. It is only when the idea of what is the State, the people, the nation, is clear, and *obviously springing from life together with the grievances or desires of the people*, that politicians may have definite ideas as to the best way of realizing it. For then the apparently divergent views are really convergent, at least they complete each other; each being one-sided, both together they illuminate the whole of public life; and it is then and only then that the mighty machinery of party organization works for the best. Whatever the political parties are called, the parliamentary health is ensured when their differences are clear, outstanding, and spring from two different points of view upon a common conception of morals and politics. For then and only then the party machinery is fully justified.

III

The preservation of a common conception of life necessary as a synthetic force has become more difficult with the advent and development of democracy, which is all to the good as long as people are conscious that the only equality possible is an ideal and spiritual motive of justice determining the historical inequality of men, necessary so that each may get his due and the reign of justice be established. To rouse the working men and women to political life a destructive but very efficient force was appealed to. Class consciousness was stirred, and it has introduced a new difficulty—new at least to England. Until the advent of the labour party, distinctions did not rest as much on class differences as they do now; and the presence of men of very much the same standards of life in both parties provided the political atmosphere and moral views that were common to the two sides of the House. There was little speculation about the State, the nation, the country, or

the people; but there was a clear view of the business in hand, with a very adequate understanding of the relation of such particular business to the end of the State, to English spiritual and material requirements, and also to a Christian and modern civilization as a whole. In spite of innumerable inconsistencies this is what we find practically all through the biographies of the statesmen who flourished in England in the nineteenth and late eighteenth centuries. At first it appears very often in their speeches as the simple rhetorical clothing of expediency; under highly moral and philosophical expressions one seems to hear John Bull chuckling. But further study soon makes it evident that such statesmen were merely reproducing in their writings the dilemma of their life. The general good was haunting them; whilst they were beset by particular problems.

That general good, however, was a common conception which provided the organic unity needed to make a whole, a parliament, out of the working of two contending parties. Now that class differences more or less determine party distinctions, the problem seems at first infinitely more complicated. The difference between educated and uneducated is indeed more difficult to overcome today than the difference between villein and noble during the Middle Ages; since any man, if he proved his personal valour in actual deeds, could be knighted on the field. Whereas, even if he has accomplished the most heroic deed during the Great War, an uneducated man is unable today to feel himself an aristocrat, simply because he lacks learning and the technique of education. But this is only a first and superficial view of the matter.

The same economic, intellectual, spiritual development that brought about the advent to political power of greater and greater numbers, has determined profound modifications not only in the actual form of the State, but in its actual nature; and this has happened in spite of, against so to speak, the theoretic activity of the various political schools of thought. Perhaps the only precedent is that of the mediæval theories on the necessity of a universal empire, best illustrated in Dante's *De Monarchia* just during the

period in which national states sprang into being, making thereby such universal empire a vain prattling.

One may fairly assume that the successive extensions of the franchise, with the consequent alterations undergone by the machine of the State, are due to the economic, spiritual, and intellectual development of the State itself. This, however, compels us to introduce here a distinction between the State and its own manifestation as an historical organism—that is, as a form of government, as a State mechanism; their relation being that of soul to body. Philosophy terms the former the State *in fieri*—that is, a universal process; whilst it calls the latter the State *in esse*—that is, a temporal and therefore historical organism implying the activity of the universal process. We may as well call the two terms of this distinction (*a*) the general self-consciousness of the people as a political organism; (*b*) the form, the political and æsthetic garb, assumed by this consciousness in the outward expression which is its self-assertion.

The immediate consequence of this is that the force that calls to the polls uneducated classes must and does provide the means to use these new numbers.

Whatever passes in the inmost recess of man's consciousness in so doing takes form. Taciturnity, obstinate shrinking from the commerce of men, is a form, an expression of certain ideas or feelings, no less eloquent, perhaps more so than a flow of words. No prospect even of death or torture will keep the life of the spirit from self-assertion. It is an uncontrollable force; it is the one force that begets the whole historical world.

Three dissenters meet in a private parlour and criticize every church; the result is a new church, however much they may deny it; and the new organization is the embodiment of their disapprobation. A few boys meet on a play-ground; if one of them has a football, and they are all conscious that a real game is better than aimless kicking of the ball, a team comes into being. Four capitalists become aware that they have interests in common; they are conscious that their uniting such interests might give them a better chance; the trust is the outward expression or form of such a conviction.

Then any modification of the dissenters' views on religion, of the boys' idea of a good game, of the capitalists' consciousness of their own interests, will bring about a modification of the congregation, the team, the trust. But no such outward modification will happen without the inner one that determines it. Much less can we have a change in the mechanism of the State without the change in the spirit of the State that must beget it; and it may safely be said that when the imperative but inner logic of the political self-consciousness, developed as it had been in its historical context of economic, moral, and intellectual forces, required the participation of greater numbers, it was ready to act as a criterion for the new electorate. Without going so far back, however, it may be said that today political reality has reached in its development a stage in which it can offer a notion of the country, concrete enough to be grasped by one and all, definite enough to allow different views as to the way of furthering it, apt therefore to determine the actual individuality of political parties, and of a sufficiently universal value to beget political superstructures such as an efficient league of nations.

The war has certainly helped towards this, not any less, perhaps more, than the extensions of the franchise. When each man, each family, has suffered materially or spiritually for the country, the Fatherland ceases to be a transcendent goddess. It ceases to be identified with the commonplace flowers of rhetoric; it is bound to become present in every act of man. For the consequences of the war have completed the lesson of the war; men and women do not serve their country only at the polls, in the trenches, or in the hospitals; they serve it just as much, though less nobly and religiously perhaps, through their daily work, through their daily savings, through their daily acts of unselfishness. For through their professional work, their efforts at realizing a great or a small estate, their sacrifice to educate their own or other people's children, they build up the country, though this may have no direct share in their profits, and be quite unconnected with their children. Working directly for themselves, when they do this morally and through lawful ways, they build the State. High-class

workmanship ensures an international market to the national goods; a clear vision of private and actually domestic economy is the surest means of building up sound public finances; an individualizing, character-giving education gives to the State the only immortality it can have, as it rests exclusively on the inner, economic, moral, and intellectual forces that, requiring political life, call into existence every political unit.

As long as the State rested exclusively—or, rather, seemed so to do—on military forces, it was perhaps impossible, at any rate certainly difficult, to expect uneducated people to see in the country their better self—a better self whose life was throbbing in each of their particular selves, and in this military force the bulwark behind which their professional, their family, their religious life must be sheltered to be able to flourish in a fruitful liberty. Today it is quite possible to make them realize that the priest, the soldier, the sailor, the agricultural or industrial workman, the scientist, the artist, the banker are the nation, not as the members of an association are that association and may cease tomorrow to be so in order to form another association with another particular purpose, but as forces thriving towards the general good through their efforts to secure what is to them their personal good. Anything personal is at once general and particular. Just as man, the person, is an individual, has character, as far as in him the general mixes with the particular, endowing it with universal value and receiving from it the concreteness of character, so the nation is a person, presenting universal value and particular characteristics precisely because it only exists in the people who compose it.

The difference between the State and other associations is just that which enables it to act as ground for such other associations, whether national or international. It has no end in itself except that of morality, which means that of making life possible, that of making the intercourse between human beings more and more just, thereby making it more and more easy for man to serve his particular purpose in such a way that he may in so doing create value and force. This is so easily illustrated with facts that the average citizen

of any western country could be easily made to realize it, if party propagandists only wanted to do so. The idea of the country or nation as the self-consciousness of their common economic, intellectual, moral forces is clearly enough illustrated in history, taking history as the world of facts past, present and future, to enable the average man to see it there writ large. And this once grasped, it is obvious, first, that no party can make such universal reality its private platform—for this involves the risk of bringing other parties to recognize such a claim and thereby to raise them through party antagonism against the country as a State in the State—then that each party must have it as the fundamental object to which its partisan view is directed.

In his last article on the future of the Liberal party, Mr. Austin Hopkinson* made the point very clear. No party can hope for public support or keep its members a compact body in action if it lacks principles; and one may add that it cannot have political principles if it lacks a conception of the State true to life. Popular support goes to the soundest combination—that is, to the party which is enabled to display character by a strict political creed, which, one cannot insist too much, may as well be a practical issue as an abstract principle. Only very cheap democrats can think that the working classes have to be attracted by misleading dreams of materialistic and earthly paradises. The true democrat knows that the people who have to deal with the daily problems of a difficult life can recognize the ring of true statements, and can even be called upon to make heavy sacrifices when they know for what they are making them. It is, therefore, urgent that the political writers and speakers of most western countries should come back to an historical vision of what the State is or ought to be in order to be once more capable of having personal or party opinions as to the best way of realizing it. And if England is not drawing out of her secular tradition and experience the new figure of the State life, not to be a ready-made model indeed, but a source of inspiration to other countries, there is little hope that parliamentarianism will emerge from the crucial crisis which is the result of the

* *The Edinburgh Review*, January, 1928.

practically universal failure of the party organizations necessary to it.

If democracy, in the sense of equality of political rights, is the logical sequence of Christianity, then it is necessary that every citizen should have in his soul the idea of the general good, just as in order to be a Christian he must have there the creed which makes him such. To anybody familiar with the minds of the most uneducated this appears as perfectly possible. The people know truths, and are capable of being spoken to in the most serious way, provided learning is not introduced. It is only the book-worm type of democrat that can have such a poor opinion of the people as not to agree with the statement.

Such enlightenment, however, must have and has its most important organization in the mechanism of parties, provided each party has definite convictions to offer to its adherents as to the best way of realizing the general will and the general good. For were this to be lacking, the organization which is the most justifiable embodiment, form, expression of such a conviction, would be like a body without a soul, the most decomposable and corruptible of corpses; and where these convictions are not in the single party's particular views of one common conception of what the State is or ought to be as the political self-consciousness of the people, country, or nation, parties are bound to act in such an egotistical and analytical way that the very possibility of carrying on parliamentary government is inevitably brought into question.

IV

The only synthetic force that can give organic unity to any political body based on democracy is the idea of the State not as a transcendent God, or a superimposed reality —German Imperialism and Marxism are already obsolete—but as the consciousness of each citizen transcending his own particularity to assume political value. Such conception is at once less abstract and far more spiritual than the nationalism of a Louis XI or a Louis XIV; the State for them was, so to speak, the territory embodied in the standing army and the person of the king, although we

must consider that, in spite of their brushing aside the moral end of the State, they furthered it, as few men have done, showing thereby that the true nature of the State is to bring about more justice, more moral equality, more legal liberty. Even the people who set the State above morals were bound to collaborate to the development of liberty if they truly served the State. But still, to identify the political character of a nation with race, language, and so on is no longer possible. The whole chapter of Sir John Marriott on Switzerland offers the best documentation of this fact. That country is a nation, although it lacks all the elements of nationality. What conclusion could be drawn from the fact except that the so-called elements of nationality have nothing to do with it? Switzerland has them not, but the Swiss are a nation; the Jews have them, but they are not a nation. In spite of Mr. A. E. Zimmern's brilliant contribution on the subject, we must keep to the traditional meaning of the word, as it arose with the modern units which determined it and were determined by its conception, at least as long as such nations exist. The Swiss are conscious of being a country, one people, a nation; that is, they are politically conscious of the interests, dangers, aspirations, possibilities, which are common to them all, and this consciousness asserts itself in a unique form of government. The Jews are racially and religiously conscious of being one people, but they have no political self-consciousness except as English, French, or Italian citizens. As to Poland, it was potentially a people when it was cut into pieces and scattered in three empires, because its consciousness could only be partially self-realized and self-asserted; it is now actually one people, since its consciousness is no longer a soul without a body.

For that is the discriminating feature to be substituted for the so-called elements of nationality, which may not be found at all in a very typical nation, the country, the people, the nation is a person. As such it is sacred, just as a man is sacred because he is a person.

Christian civilization, modern civilization, has for its main characteristic the conception of man as an absolute value, as a sacred reality, and not *qua* citizen whose quality

as such is determined before his birth, but *quâ* man—that is, *quâ* moral consciousness discharging a universal function. Alone capable of believing in God, hence alone capable of a moral life, man stands out as the architrave of spiritual life—if we mean by spiritual every form of life determined by an activity of mind. The immediate consequence of this is the conception of the State which runs more or less explicitly through the New Testament and the writings of the Fathers of the Church. The State is a political consciousness discharging a universal function which consists in making it possible for men to strive towards morality and well-being, not through a fatherly interference in the moral life of the citizens—when that was permissible the State was in its actual embodiment purely pagan—but exclusively by making social life possible. Without mutual intercourse men cannot be moral; in fact, they cannot be men at all; the spiritual value of man entails the spiritual value of the State. Men must associate, and they develop their spiritual life through the development of associations, either springing into life by the actual will of the members at a given moment, or coming to life gradually through the organic growth of an organization determined by a particular necessity. A trade union is a good instance of the first; a university illustrates sufficiently the second. But the very possibility of these associations implies social life and its historical embodiment in actual States. If the State was not pre-existing or at least co-existing they would call it into being. Here, leaving aside the Church, we are bound to come to the conclusion that, if the nature of any organism is determined by its finality, the State as the static form, assumed by the dynamic force of political consciousness in any given place at any time, is essentially different from any other association. Its nature is different because it has a universal finality—namely, the possibility of a moral life. The universality of God entails the spiritual liberty of the citizen as the development of science, art, philosophy are going to entail his intellectual and æsthetic liberty. Political consciousness, and its embodiment in the actual State, is not religion, is not science, art, or philosophy; *it is that which makes the universality of these forms of life possible*, so

that the sacredness of man as an individual consciousness among men requires in consequence the sacredness of the State as the embodiment of an individual consciousness among nations.

Here we touch the first practical consequence of a return to the Christian conception of the State. The respect due by all men to any one man, *qua* moral consciousness, must be extended by all nations to any one nation, *qua* political consciousness. And, as any association rests on the respect of all the members for any one member, in whom they recognize what they pride themselves on being, so any association of states, countries, or nations must rest on the respect of all its component parts, for consciousness is personality. Finally, morality may be introduced into international relations. Any relation between individual men to be fertile must contain the element of morality, which alone can make each man realize not merely the legal right, but the human aspiration which has brought others to enter into such relation with him. Any relation between individual nations derives benefit from the fact that each nation is able to understand the national aspiration of others as well as its own. And since between men this understanding of each other's motives proves the one force apt to make conflicts fewer and fewer, so the considerations of countries, not as powers, but as consciousnesses, would inevitably have the same effect sooner or later. It would, at any rate, make it an impossibility to tear to pieces countries like Poland or Hungary. In history, the only world where countries appear as individuals, Poland and Hungary appear as two perfect personalities; yet not only did the greed of empire—that travesty of political reality which made national egoism sacred—a few generations ago tear Poland to pieces, but the fallacious theories about the elements of nationality have brought about recently the mutilation of Hungary at the hands of well-meaning would-be pacifists, with the result that it is impossible to wish for the preservation of the present situation.

ALINE LION.

ART. 10.—DE TOCQUEVILLE ON THE UNITED STATES

NEARLY a hundred years have now elapsed since Alexis de Tocqueville visited the United States. The celebrated book on *Democracy in America*, which was the fruit of his travels, is but little read today, yet there are few more illuminating books on the United States than this early portrait. The reasons for its great fame and rapid eclipse are obvious enough. He is a great exponent of the *a priori* method, and the whole trend of the century was against him. His mind, which had much in common with that of Henry Maine, was essentially an abstract mind. The unrivalled power of framing or drawing illuminating generalizations was not balanced by an equal power of collecting and classifying facts, and he could be criticized by Sainte-Beuve for having begun to think before he had learnt anything. A single year of investigation, with the difficulties then existing in the way of the collector of information, and with little that was helpful to read, proved just inadequate to bear the vast structure he raised upon it, particularly when he added a third and final volume in 1840, nine years after his visit, in which he attempted to deal with such vast topics as the effect of democracy on manners. A book that was received on its first appearance as a classic of the first rank, that was translated and used as a textbook in innumerable American colleges, became neglected as an example of mistaken method. The United States changed rapidly. First the Mexican War and then the Civil War removed the old landmarks, and the Irish and German immigrations began. But it was his method rather than his matter that was felt to be out of date. De Tocqueville died in the year that the *Origin of Species* was published. He had himself noted as one of the characteristics of the Americans of his time that they cared nothing about the past. No archives were kept, and he was frequently given original documents in answer to his enquiries. When this attitude changed, it changed under the influence of the

scientific method, and de Tocqueville's book did not take very high rank as a collection of facts. Lord Bryce, in a study of de Tocqueville published in 1887, acutely pointed out that his facts are rather the illustrations than the sources of his conclusions.

A further explanation of the decline lies in the practical object of his enquiries. He went to study, not the United States, but democracy. Convinced that democratic conditions were destined to spread in Europe, he sought to discover what the effects of democracy would be in Europe by seeing what they had been in America. He was driven to generalize, not only about the Americans, but about democracies from observing one particular people at one particular stage. He was acutely aware of the danger of attributing to democratic institutions characteristics that were really due to geographical, economic, racial, or religious factors, and carefully guarded himself from the charge of assigning a wrong cause. He was only concerned to disentangle and trace the effects of that particular thing which the Americans, in other respects so differently placed, shared, or were soon to share, with the peoples of Europe. But in that dangerous and difficult attempt to concentrate on one element is, despite every disclaimer, to throw out of proportion, and as soon as the enthusiasm for democracy of de Tocqueville's generation had given place to other tempers, this method of approach lost favour for the book. De Tocqueville's own public career centred in the abortive Second Republic. The Third Republic was born in no such mood of idealism. Democracy was accepted as the best working arrangement, not as a joy or a religious faith. It has since been challenged even on its Third Republic footing of a general servant, but men who loathe or fear it can find more savour in de Tocqueville than did the familiar and disillusioned, and the growing criticism of democracy is likely to bring him a second harvest of readers.

But the chief recent development likely to bring back his book is the tendency in the United States to turn away from mere description. If the innumerable professors in American colleges still tend to play for safety

and to make the book that is to win them better chairs a solid piece of assembled and arranged fact, the interpretative survey is increasingly in demand, particularly from the large class of non-academic readers. In the 150 years of American history de Tocqueville occupies a striking position at the end of the first third of the journey. He arrived in New York in 1831, when Andrew Jackson was President of a country of some 12 to 14 millions. The Federalists had vanished, and the ordinary run of the citizens had made good their claim not to be ignored in the working of the Constitution; there was something from which to generalize. Like Bryce forty years later, de Tocqueville came as a friend: he hoped, if only for the sake of France, that he might find the results of democracy as good as possible. But he had no sort of reason for not being candid. He did not revisit the country. Communications were slow, and there was no one to tell him how important it was to keep the goodwill of the United States even at the cost of keeping from his countrymen warnings he thought they should take to heart. It was of no concern to him whether he was read in America. All these considerations, which tend to colour studies of the United States today, did not arise for de Tocqueville. But he was an intensely ambitious though lofty-minded Frenchman, and the bearing of his book on the France of Louis Philippe was ever in the forefront of his mind. He was naturally tempted to put down some of the good things which were really due to conditions Frenchmen could not hope for to institutions they could easily create.

The first day he noticed, what the visitor still notices, the wholly admirable attitude of Americans to occupations, the way a man of sixty will change his calling, and the way failure in one line is not regarded as discreditable but only as proof that hole and peg were differently shaped. To an observer coming from a land where a small official post was the coveted aim of a man in his teens and his fixed status for the rest of his days, the change was striking and enviable. But it was plainly one that had enormously more to do with economic than with political conditions.

America was for ever getting in his way when he wanted to discover democracy, and the effect of those Governmental arrangements to which from the structure of his mind he attached an excessive importance.

Not only was America always getting in the way. There was England too. Lord Bryce thought it a defect of his book that he did not know enough of England for his purposes. He knew a great deal, for the same motive that sent him across the Atlantic had already made him a close student of the English Constitution. But he could not, at the age of twenty-six, know the English as a people, and his observation of second generation Americans was continually hampered by not knowing how much to allow for their English origins. At that date, before the immigrations and the Civil War, a great deal had to be allowed for common origins, and a close study of the mass of the English, whom foreigners with introductions did not meet, would have explained much that actually went to the account of democratic institutions.

Of the great benefits which he, who had grown up under Napoleon and Louis XVIII., hastened to record the chief was that the majority, having power, aimed at the good of the majority. It might be mistaken about means but not about ends. He further claimed for democracy the great benefit that it made all the citizens feel that the prosperity of the country was their interest and their business. That resulted, as a minor consequence, in an extreme touchiness. "Its character appears in the childish intolerance of criticism which the people display. They will not permit you to find fault with any one of their institutions or habits, not even if you praise all the rest." That this was truly observed Dickens and many another traveller was to prove. The Americans of the thirties or forties had constructed an imaginary Old World; few of them had travelled, and while they were mostly of British stock the two wars had given them a basis for a deep-rooted hostility. They had nothing to compare themselves with, but they knew that self-doubt and self-criticism were not the moods that would forward a general rapid development helpful to the private activities of each.

De Tocqueville further noticed a profound respect for every political right and for the authority of the law, which is the work of the people themselves. Among the major benefits of democracy he also placed the stimulus given to the practical faculties, and the enlarging effect of equality of condition, but this brought him to the border line where democracy was lost in the opportunities of the New Continent. The practical faculties had been vigorous enough before 1776.

Of the drawbacks of democracy the one that impressed him most and called forth some of his most prophetic writing was the tyranny of the majority. As he saw it in 1831, it was tempered by a number of things—the power of lawyers, the written safeguard, the powers of local self-government. But it remained a far-reaching and vicious thing, for it dominated even thought. De Tocqueville had much in common with Jefferson; but the ordinary passion for liberty was a reaction against the autocratic territorial monarchies which filled the eighteenth-century world. That it might be an exchange of King Log for King Stork only struck him when he reached the United States. He then realized that though kings might ill-treat individuals for private ends, their tyranny was, on the whole, spasmodic and timid. But a majority, defending some fixed view that it considered good for morality or conscience, would go ahead secure in its own justness and sovereignty and force an ultimate conventionality.

On the actual institutions which he saw, he wrote that the Union Government grew daily weaker: Andrew Jackson was just abolishing the Bank, and Calhoun was at the height of his power, on the verge of his break with Jackson. The men who, like Hamilton, had been strongest for a powerful Central Government in the early days of the Constitution had also been the men most afraid of mob democracy. The populace had more fear of being ruled by a rich clique than enthusiasm for efficient centralized government. The Abolitionist movement in the North escaped the attention, or at least the comments, of de Tocqueville, and in assuming the weakness of the Federal Government he did not allow for a powerful moral senti-

ment being aroused and finding the only instrument to its hand in that Government. Nor did he allow sufficiently for the rapid expansion in the North which made the big battalions of manufacturing the backbone of the movement for strengthening the Union and, indeed, for changing its basis. Above all by training and outlook he attached far more weight to legal rights than the Americans themselves, who regarded such things as conveniences always alterable at fancy. In actual fact de Tocqueville was right about the weakness of the Union, and the arrangements made by the Fathers of the Constitution did not last more than two generations. The balance of power between State and Union would never have been achieved in 1787 if it had not contained the article which enabled it to be destroyed in 1861. What de Tocqueville saw before his eyes in 1831 had only a generation of life in front of it. There was then a Second Constitution, imposed by the North and growing West in the South, which had no historical warrant but was imposed because it fitted the vision of the future.

It was, perhaps, the biggest of all his mistakes that he assumed that the different states would preserve their differences. After prophesying, with striking accuracy, that before a century had passed there would be over a hundred million people in forty states, he goes on to declare : "I cannot believe in the duration of a Government whose task is to hold together forty different peoples spread over a surface equal to half of Europe." Actually, as each new state was added to the Union, it detracted from the meaning of state citizenship. The thirteen original states were the creators of the United Government. Later states were its creatures, made for administrative convenience, and in the more westward it became usual for men to live in a succession of states. The real obstacle to homogeneity was to come from the immigrations, not from the regional differences. Today New Orleans, Charleston, and San Francisco all grow yearly more like the standard American town.

In reviewing de Tocqueville's predictions fifty years afterwards, Bryce declared that the America which was separated from the America of Jackson by so many out-

standing events—the acquisition of Texas, the Mexican war and seizure of the Pacific Coast, the railway building, the growth of great cities and great fortunes, the immigrations and the civil war—showed for its chief differences from the earlier day a decline in local government, a strengthening of the central executive, a lowering in the standing of the Judicature, and the transformation of political life through party organization and the intervention of business interests. These tendencies have continued, and forty years after Bryce's survey the growth in the power of the President is still marked. The very point that de Tocqueville noted as the main reason why the President was weak, that he had so few offices to which he could appoint, has been changed into the chief reason for his strength. To the Jurist and the philosopher alike the new tendencies in government were uncongenial. In a word, those tendencies may be summed up as the organization of political life and the capture of that organization by small groups of wealthy men. This has happened in all Parliamentary democracies, but more completely, or more spectacularly, in the United States than elsewhere. The opportunities have been so great that no man in the States has had any occasion to consider himself fixed in status as an English miner regards himself as fixed. This has prevented the growth of a sense of common interest among groups of labourers, and there has been little need for capitalism to tread warily. The United States is, as has often been said, the largest free-trade area in the world, and the vast market of like-minded customers has provided a field in which the arts of salesmanship have been developed to an extent as yet unparalleled elsewhere. As with salesmanship so with propaganda, or political salesmanship. Conditions have played into the hands which hold the longest purse, and anyone who reads, for example, the details of the story of how national unity for war was enforced in 1917 will learn the lengths to which propaganda can be carried in the United States and the success it can achieve. The older orthodoxies have grown weaker, and a new orthodoxy of faith in the scientific method has taken its place. The quantitative method and

exact measurements carry authority today, and wealthy corporations can buy and spread statistics more effectively than smaller bodies. The popular attitude has been one of acquiescence : public utility companies take good care of themselves, but they also benefit the public as a condition of their prosperity. Today the great political parties are enormous business corporations selling administration. When, at the turn of the century, the great trusts were plainly abusing their position there was a popular outcry, and the same dread of unpopularity acts as a certain check upon the directors of the political parties. Organization inside the parties, their penetration by wealthy men, the growth of large fortunes and of the area over which party propaganda has to be undertaken—these are the things that have made de Tocqueville's democracy wholly unreal. They are things which have appeared in Europe also, and have made a much greater impression. The Americans of de Tocqueville's day did not particularly admire men who took part in public life : there was little glamour, little power, and little profit. The man who was admired then, and has continued to be admired, was the man who made two blades of grass grow where one had grown before. In general, in the early days when the Americans were taking possession of their continent, a man who grew rich did so by means which also benefited his neighbours. Politics were necessary to preserve or create the conditions in which this real business of economic development could go ahead. In consequence politics has never fallen greatly in American esteem : "he that is down need fear no fall." The standard of thought and speech among first rank politicians has changed very much for the worse, for American public life before the Civil War was rich in men of intellectual distinction, who devoted themselves to public questions because there were great matters to reason about and decide. But the general public attitude has always placed politics among the low-grade semi-skilled callings with few good prizes. In consequence the Americans have been saved from the disgust with parliamentarism which has become so common in Europe. In Europe public functions have been

so intimately associated with royalty and aristocracy that they have carried a high prestige of their own. The connection with the Lord's anointed, processions, titles, and trappings, have led to a more violent cynicism. Those who live amid the decay of an aristocratic tradition, as do English politicians today, are helped, indeed, by existing traditions and customs to maintain a dignity in the conduct of public business which they could not have created for themselves. But every act of an unworthy politician looks worse because of its setting, and creates more scepticism and more disgust because of the stately forms and high-sounding names amid which it is performed. If de Tocqueville returned to survey the kind of government under which Americans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen are living today, he, with his passion for clarity and honesty, would have found most to be satisfied with in the attitude of the Americans towards their institutions. The French attitude of indifferent contempt towards their public men, so that the President of the Republic remembers and thanks the next day people who cheer him, so unusual is it for him to be cheered, would dispirit him and strike him as fraught with danger. The English attitude of perpetual disappointment with public men, because of an ingrained respect for and interest in the functions of public life, would strike him as a depressing legacy from the days when men were zealous to share in that government which the titled oligarchy had held as a splendid family business ; in which the senior clerks, after long service, were to be made junior partners. He would also note that all through the British Dominions the gulf was great between the inherited ideal in each voter's head of what Government and Ministers were meant to be and the types of men actually available, between the historical associations of the functions and their real standing. Only in America would he meet with the content, or at least the acquiescence, that comes from never having made too much of the business of government. It has proved a great happiness for the Americans that they have kept their veneration for treasures laid up in heaven, for the Declaration, with its lofty generalities, for the Constitu-

tion in the abstract, for the Fathers of the country, for statues. With a boundless faith in the power of laws, they have no respect for the law-givers, and the dramatic instincts that other peoples demand to have satisfied by their rulers create no such problem in the States. This is one of the best legacies inherited from the Americans of de Tocqueville's day. There is no feeling that a man has established a claim to sanctuary because he has a government post, and no feeling that the truth is a too dangerous luxury. The weakness of taking a thoroughly commonsense view was that there was no political sense nourished and developed to meet the annually stronger commercial sense. Under the recorded surface of public events the real future of America was being shaped through the first half of the nineteenth century by the alteration in the interests of individuals. Men moved about and found the promises of commercialism ever greater; immigrants arrived with none but economic interests, and were herded and organized. Political reasoning was only kept alive because the burning issue of slavery forced men to have a view of what sort of society they willed: the debates between Lincoln and Douglas were deep, fundamental, closely reasoned and closely followed. But the moment that question was settled it became apparent that the old conscious democracy which had been the realized dream of Jefferson was no longer a living ideal. Men did not care about preserving a society in which each man should be free, in the sense that no one interfered with him, and each an active sharer in public life, in which machinery and commercial expansion were jealously watched because they threatened the existence of a society of independent and equal units. Instead there existed, and the triumph of the North made permanent, what may in contrast be called the commercial ideal of the highest material welfare. Freedom and equality were still cherished as sentiments, but if they conflicted with increased well-being they had to be content with second place. Today trusts which are the negation of equality, and sumptuary laws of which prohibition is the most conspicuous instance, which are

inroads on freedom, are defended, and successfully defended, on the ground that they produce a higher level of material well-being. In de Tocqueville's writings there is abundant recognition that in America each man's heart was in his own affairs, but it never struck him, so imprisoned was he in the political outlook, and such was the bias derived from belonging to relatively static Europe, that he was watching the growth of a frame of mind that was to supersede and to hustle his own now little regarded democratic ideals from a stage which he regarded as peculiarly their own.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF.

ART. II.—THE AGE OF THE GODS

The Age of the Gods. A Study in the Origins of Culture in Prehistoric Europe and the Ancient East. By Christopher Dawson. John Murray, London.

The Dawn of European Civilization. By V. Gordon Childe. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.

HISTORY consists of two parts: the discovery of the facts, the interpretation of the facts. If the facts are incorrect or insufficient, the historian's interpretation is worthless. But a mere catalogue of particular facts is not history. In the domain of history, in the stricter sense, the certain facts at the historian's disposal are, on the whole, sufficiently numerous and sufficiently continuous to enable confident generalizations to be made as to the lines of the historical process, the factors at work, and the achievements, even, to some extent, the motives of individual actors. Where, however, we leave the brilliantly illuminated area of history for the penumbra of prehistory, instead of a continuous chain of facts, we find patches of light—districts and periods where the archæological evidence is abundant and minute—scattered among the vast tracts of obscurity or total darkness. Must the archæologist, then, be content to be a mere fact collector and renounce altogether the interpretation and generalization which alone can invest his facts with significance? Happily the evidence, though so fragmentary, is sufficient in quantity and is distributed over a sufficient area and time to permit much interpretation that is certain, much also which, if not certain, is at least very probable. If the archæologist avoids the temptation to generalize in excess of the evidence, and attempt by special pleading to give a false certainty to hypotheses merely probable or possible, he can present a picture of prehistory and the beginnings of history sufficiently generalized to reveal the main lines of historical development from the palæolithic epoch downwards and the factors, internal and external, which have conditioned it. Such a picture Mr. Dawson has painted for us with a master-hand. Within the limits of a neces-

sarily very condensed treatment and in the present state of the evidence, it could hardly be better drawn.

His readers will not be misled by a skilful presentation of the facts to support some pet thesis of the author's. Archæological advocates, such as Sir James Fraser and Miss Jane Harrison in the sphere of religion, Professor Elliot Smith, Mr. Perry, and Mr. Massingham in the study of megalithic culture, are many; archæological judges, few. That Mr. Dawson is among the latter is itself a high merit. Naturally this refusal to go beyond the evidence often involves an agnosticism exasperating to the natural dogmatism of man. We do not readily acquiesce in ignorance of the origins and bearers of megalithic culture—the Elliot-Perry theory is so much more romantic—or in uncertainty as to the home and earliest movement of the Indo-European race. Yet if the physical scientist will not force the apparently conflicting evidence in favour either of the undulatory or corpuscular theory of light, how can the scientific archæologist produce a simple and certain theory of megalithic origins or primitive Indo-European migrations by forcing into unity data which in our present state of knowledge we have no means of reconciling? When Mr. Dawson concludes his statement of the confusing and apparently conflicting evidence as to the origin and movements of the Battle-Axe culture, he points out how impossible it would have been to reconstruct from the archæological evidence the extremely complicated history of the barbarian movements which destroyed the Roman Empire, as they are known to us from the historical record. His reflection may seem elementary common sense, but in the field of archæology, as elsewhere, common sense is by no means common. Unlike the caution, the proportion and the vividness of Mr. Dawson's book cannot be proved by quoting individual instances. We can only say that careful reading and re-reading of the book has left us with a picture of the archaic cultures which we felt to be in the right focus and which was certainly vivid. And our pleasure in the proportion and colour of the picture was increased by the economy—the economy of the literary artist—which has

allowed no superfluous touches and has made every touch contribute to the finished design.

After an introduction explaining the nature and supreme historical importance of the culture unit, the palæolithic hunting cultures are briefly sketched and their religion explained, so far as it can be discovered from cave paintings and burials, interpreted by the beliefs and practices of hunting-tribes in modern times. In particular, Mr. Dawson's view of totemism as a social extension and secular evisceration of an earlier religious belief in animal guardian spirits seems to us established. We do not feel so certain that Neanderthal man became extinct. Surely a being sufficiently human to bury his dead could intermarry with the human varieties from whom modern man is descended. The mesolithic and neolithic cultures are next described, and we are shown that from early neolithic times a distinctive type of peasant culture, inspired by an agricultural religion of the Mother Goddess—the fertile earth—existed in Central Asia and Eastern Europe, and has persisted to this day as the underlying structure of society throughout Central and Eastern Europe. In the favourable environment of the river valleys—Mesopotamia, the Valley of the Indus, China, the Nile Valley—this agricultural culture developed into the earliest civilization: the theocratic civilization of the sacred city, the temple city ruled by the priest-king. True, Egyptian religion preserved the animal cult of the older hunting religion and developed a cult of the dead unknown to Mesopotamia, and the geographical conditions led to the early erection of a united and highly centralized monarchy. But these were but variations on the common theme of the archaic civilization based on agriculture, theocratic, and on the whole peaceful. So rapid at present is the progress of archæological research that discoveries of the first importance are liable to be published while a book is in the press. The latest report of Mr. Woolley's excavations at Ur would have enriched and possibly modified Mr. Dawson's account of the rise of Sumerian civilization. We are not altogether satisfied with the thesis, first put forward by Petrie and De Morgan and adopted by Mr. Dawson, that Sumerian influences

reached pre-dynastic Egypt by way of Arabia, the Red Sea, and Upper Egypt. It does not seem to account for a significant fact, to which he draws attention, the connexion of the Osiris-Isis myth, the most Sumerian feature in Egyptian religion, with Byblus. A sketch of the Egyptian Old Kingdom, a typical example of Mr. Dawson's success in picking out the salient features of a culture or historical situation, is followed by an account of the *Ægean* culture which centred in Minoan Crete. Mr. Dawson then reaches the mystery, at present insoluble, of the megalithic culture. The author's refusal to press the evidence for more than it is worth only leaves the megaliths and their unknown builders more fascinating in the simple statement of uninterpreted facts than they could be, decked out in the frippery of a romantic imagination. We should, however, have liked some clearer statement of Mr. Dawson's views on the relation between the cult of the dead for which, he tells us, the megaliths were erected, and sun worship. Does he, to take a concrete example, think the great circle of Avebury was exclusively devoted to the worship of the dead and the Silbury tumulus only a tomb without any solar significance? And his inclination to an Arabian origin for the megalithic movement leaves us with a strong, if vague, feeling that somehow or other Egyptian influences, however mediated, played their part in a culture whose religion in its central worship so closely resembled the Egyptian. We can only call attention to Mr. Dawson's sketch of the megalith and bell beaker influences following the trade route to the Irish goldfields—Ireland was the Klondyke of the third millennium—and the amber of Denmark. He puts before us the strong evidence which points to an influence of the *Ægean* culture on the regions along this trade route. The Kingdom of Tartessos was, he believes, the centre of *Ægean* culture in the Far West. But if this *Ægean* influence be admitted in Ireland and Scotland—anyone who loves tradition and feels that piety towards the past which is the due of those to whom we owe the very possibility of present and future advance, will be delighted to learn that George V was crowned on the sacred stone of megalithic culture, the analogue of an

Egyptian obelisk or Semitic betyl—why should not the strikingly Anatolian religion of the Teutons, a religion of fertility cult and Mother Goddess, to which Mr. Dawson later calls our attention, have reached the Baltic area by this route, rather than by the far later transcontinental route from the Adriatic? If the Oriental element of Teutonic religion did not reach the North till this route had been opened up, why is it represented by the admittedly older cult of the Vannir as opposed to the *Æsir*, later arrivals in the Teutonic pantheon? We have now reached the period when the archaic civilization was shaken and profoundly changed by the attacks of the warlike nomad peoples—hunters who had learned the use of weapons and tamed the horse. Mr. Dawson explains the origin of their power and the distinctive nature of their culture and its religion, the worship of cruel but otherwise highly moralized sky deities, ruled by a supreme sky Father, and describes the social and moral upheaval which their conquests occasioned in the centres of the archaic civilization. Those who foretell the certain doom of civilized humanity by proclaiming the belief that war is natural and inevitable to man would do well to ponder Mr. Dawson's proof that war on a large scale and as a regular and permanent feature of human society only came into existence very recently in human history with the advent of the pastoral warriors. "In the beginning it was not so"—and, please God, the day may come when it shall no longer be so. And when we know that the pastoral religion despite its taint of cruelty and violence was, on the whole, the most morally elevated, the most reflective, and, above all, the most monotheistic and the most transcendent of the types of primitive religion, we understand why God chose a pastoral religion as the vehicle of the revelation completed and universalized in Catholic Christianity. And it was no doubt the lack of an appropriate religious tradition and culture which rendered abortive Iknaton's noble solar monotheism, sympathetically described by Mr. Dawson in a later chapter, and other Egyptian beginnings of the higher religion. Mr. Dawson shows how civilization was saved at this crisis by powerful leaders such as Hammurabi in Babylonia and

the twelfth dynasty Pharaohs in Egypt. He then deals with the tangled skein of Indo-European origins. We should like to remark incidentally that, however deep the divergence between "Hittite" and the Indo-Iranian language spoken by the rulers of Mittani (p. 269), Latin, with which, as Mr. Dawson points out, Hittite displayed curious resemblances, possesses, as Professor Conway has shown (article *Latin*, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ed. 13), certain affinities of vocabulary with Sanscrit, peculiar to those two groups—for example, *rex*, *raja*—and most interesting of all, *flamen*, *brahman*, which may serve to bridge the gulf. We should like to know whether any of these Latin-Sanscrit forms occur in Hittite? And it would have been interesting if Mr. Dawson, when dealing with the appearance of Indo-Europeans in Anatolian Mesopotamia and the Indo-European borrowings from Sumerian, had told us his opinion of an interesting theory propounded by Oldenburg and Jastrow (see also Professor Carnoy, art. *Ormuzd*, E.R.E.) that the Indo-European Ahura, Mazda, and Varuna are identical, or were early syncretized, with Sin, the Sumerian moon god of Ur and Sinai. If Mr. Dawson's account of the Nordic Bronze Age culture and the Battle-Axe cultures leaves the subject involved in obscurity, the lack of evidence is to blame for it. But the superimposition throughout Central Europe of a conquering aristocracy of warrior nobles upon the older peasant cultures emerges, as the supremely important result of the complex and obscure movements described. Chapters follow on the aggressive imperialisms of the Near East in the second millennium, the Bronze Age in Central Europe, when by various, often extremely obscure, mixtures of Indo-European invaders with earlier stocks, the main racial groups of later Europe—e.g., the Celtic and Teutonic—were formed, and the Mycenæan culture when the Indo-European Achæans destroyed, but in part inherited, the Ægean culture of Crete. The parallel drawn between the Achæan society mirrored in the poetry of Homer and the conditions which obtained in the barbarian kingdoms set up on the ruins of the Roman Empire and maintaining a partial continuity with its traditions, is particularly illuminating. The book

closes with an account of Italy and the beginning of the Iron Age in Europe which concludes with the birth of Rome. Both the Hellenic city states and Rome are shown to represent a fusion, brilliant if unstable, between the archaic sacred city and the freer tribal society of the Indo-European conqueror. We are, however, somewhat reluctant to regard Rome as an Etruscan foundation. The Roman tradition seems to point clearly to an Etruscan conquest of a city of Latin foundation. If the Etruscans founded Rome, why was it a Latin city? Nor are Etruscan names for the city and tribes decisive proof of Etruscan foundation. If the Etruscans were recognized as religious experts, and particularly in matters of augury, Latin founders might very well have asked Etruscans to baptize their new city and its tribes with those names of good omen to which such importance was attached. Nor are we quite clear as to the relations which Mr. Dawson conceives to have obtained between the Terremare culture and the Etruscan. On the one hand, he seems quite clear that it is not Etruscan but Indo-European, and possibly an ancestor of the Roman culture which it resembles, as he explains, in so many striking features. On the other hand, he tells us that the features in which Roman culture and town-planning resembled the Terremare culture were derived from the Etruscans. We gather that he regards the connecting-link as the survival of the Terremare population enduring as "the underlying element" of cultures dominated by Etruscans. But in that case the Romans can hardly be said to have borrowed the Terremare elements in their culture from the Etruscans; they inherited them from Italic ancestors, who may have been under Etruscan rule.

Looking back over the vast expanse of prehistory and early history which lies behind our European civilization as it is represented in Mr. Dawson's picture, a landscape in which, though thick mists cover large stretches, the main features emerge in sufficient clearness, the eye is caught by a feature that stands out in such prominence as to dominate the entire scene, the supreme importance of religion. In these days when so many, even among the educated, regard

religion as a clog on human progress and have eyes only for its perversions and mistakes—*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*—Mr. Dawson has done a valuable work in forcing upon our notice the part, all-pervasive and indispensable, which religion has played in the rise and progress of civilization. The soul of every culture depicted in this book is a religion to which, as the body to its soul, that culture owes its formation, character, and coherence—in a word, its organization. Without religion, and, moreover, socially organized religion, man would indeed be the brutish savage who for Hobbes preceded the formation of the state. But it was no secular state established on a utilitarian and secular basis which civilized or could have civilized mankind. It was a religious society whose leaders and members were, as individuals, deeply religious, to which every advance in culture was due. The bitter atheist who assails religion as the enemy of mankind owes to the religion of his forefathers even that modicum of education which enables him to revile it. The religion of the Mother Goddess gave man agriculture; her sacred city gave him a civilized community and the arts which can only arise and exist in it; and the sky cult of the shepherd bestowed that personal initiative, personal reflection, and noble morality without which society, stifling the free initiative of the individual, might still be stagnating in a form of culture stereotyped for millennia. Magic, obscenity, cruelty—no doubt: human religion, like all else human, betrays its humanity. But never and nowhere were these more than subordinate aspects of religion. As Mr. Dawson shows, even the palæolithic hunter was a worshipper as well as a magician. Not until modern times do we witness the portent of a secular society glorying in its godlessness. Neanderthal man may have had a somewhat ape-like face, but, as his burials prove, he possessed a religion, and was therefore immeasurably superior to men such as Lenin, Trotsky, and Calles.

And all these forms of religion which inspired the cultures of prehistory or the archaic civilization were partial revelations of God, “speaking at sundry times and divers manners” to our fathers, and prophecies of the

Christian revelation to come. Mr. Dawson draws no apologetic conclusions from the facts he narrates. Apologetics does not lie within the legitimate scope of the archæologist. But writing in a Catholic review we may draw out what is implicit in his evidence. The hunter's vague yet powerful sense of an undefined Godhead, immanent in nature, yet manifest in certain forms and energies rather than in others, is a foreshadowing of Christian belief in the Holy Spirit—the Lord and Giver of Life, "vita vitæ omnis creaturæ," as St. Hildegard calls Him in her magnificent hymn. The Mother Goddess of the agricultural religion, who presides over the life of nature and its laws, preludes the Mother of supernatural Life and Love—socially the Catholic Church; individually Mary the Mother of God. The Priest-King on whose prayers, sacrifices, and well-being the prosperity of his community depends, is a figure of Jesus Christ the Priest and King, who gives His life for the ransom and food of His people. And when the distress of barbarian invasion gave birth in Egypt to the ideal of the Righteous Ruler and Shepherd of his people, it is the birth of the Messianic hope. And what is the sacred city—Erech, Ur, Heliopolis, Thebes—but the forerunner of Jerusalem: first, of the sacred city of the Jews, and, secondly, of that sacred Christian city for which Dante already saw in ancient Rome, itself, as Mr. Dawson shows, a sacred city, the providential preparation :

"Alma Roma e suo impero
La quale e il quale (a voler dir lo vero)
Fu stabilito per lo loco santo
U'siede il successor del maggior Piero."

And since even the earthly Rome, like its predecessor, the earthly Jerusalem, must perish with the things of time, the sacred city foreshadows that eternal city of which they themselves are but the passing types and instruments—the new Jerusalem, which is above, our Mother, "Urbs beata Jerusalem," and that Rome where Christ is a citizen, "quella Roma onde Christo è Romano." The patron gods of the archaic culture, like the animal guardians of

the hunter, expressed the religious need satisfied by the guardian angel and patron saint of the Catholic. The megalithic and Egyptian cult of the dead, a cult which had indeed existed at least since the Mousterian culture, accompanied as, at least in the latter case, it was, by a developed doctrine of an after-life dependent to some extent, at any rate, on man's moral choices, was the dawn of the doctrine of hell, heaven, and purgatory, and prefigured the prayers and Masses for the dead in the Catholic Church. And, as we have already said, the ethical sky god of the nomad was a direct preparation for the revelation of Jahwe to the pastoral Jews. Nay, even the shadows of primitive religion are "shadows," grotesque and distorted "of good things to come." Human sacrifice is the mistaken application of a law of sacrifice fulfilled on Calvary and in the martyr's death; the ritual marriage of god and goddess is a crude adumbration of the mystic nuptial between God and the human soul, and even so horrible a practice as ritual prostitution expressed in a savage and immoral form the instinct that man's sexual power ought somehow to be offered to the service of God—an instinct fulfilled when the continence of priest or nun sublimates in the service of the spirit the most powerful energy of natural life. Thus all the forms and forces of religion which, as Mr. Dawson shows us, moulded the early civilization of the human race are fulfilled and sublimated in Catholic Christianity. Protestantism, on the other hand, has rejected or insufficiently embodied the greater part of these religious forms and forces, stifling or distorting in consequence the profound instinct which they expressed and satisfied. The cult of the dead, the Mother, the Patron Saint, sacrifice and festival, priesthood and religious celibacy, the sacred society and its divinely appointed ruler—all these essential elements of religion, some of them at least operative since the palæolithic cultures, were either rejected altogether or thrust into the background, and the more logically Protestant the church or sect, the more of these essential elements of religion did it discard. The Reformation, therefore, directly paved the way for the secularism of the modern world which has

deprived our civilization in spite of all its material achievements, and even its enormous progress in knowledge and human kindness, of that religion-soul which alone could make it a culture in the true sense. A civilization without a religion is no more a culture than a corpse is a body. As the corpse retains for a while the external organization it received from the departed soul before it falls a prey to dissolution, so a civilization may hold together for a time by the virtue of an organization and social habits inherited from the religion which built it and gave it life. The civilization of modern Europe is the corpse of a body organized by the Catholic religion, the religion-culture with which it is externally continuous. Protestantism did not make it nor could it even continue its life—it was a paralysis which severed many of the limbs from the living heart and brain of the organism. In Latin Europe the Catholic religion-culture, whose final artistic expression was baroque art, survived till the Revolution. Now we have but a lifeless civilization externally held together by mechanical forces, its limbs moved in every direction by conflicting philosophies and fashions of thought.

And even if the mechanistic materialism, so popular with the late nineteenth-century scientist, is falling out of favour, its place is being taken not by theism, but by a more or less indefinite pantheism of a naturalistic type which is strongly reminiscent of the religion of the primitive hunter as described by Mr. Dawson. The other day a Red Indian chief claimed that the religion of his people was the religion of Wordsworth. We believe that he was right. "The religion of the primitive hunter," writes Mr. Dawson, "is characterized by universality and vagueness. . . . He is a kind of primitive pantheist . . . who sees everywhere behind the outward appearance of things a vague undifferentiated supernatural power which shows itself alike in beast and plant, in storm and thunder, in rock and tree." How reminiscent this of the

"Sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air."

Lucy, who

"In rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain,"

might have lived on the American prairie or long ago among the Magdalenian painters of Altamira. The hunter, palæolithic or Amerindian, was aware as keenly and with the same reverent awe as the poet of those

"Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth," the "Visions of the hills
And Souls of lonely places";

and like him

"Felt with bliss ineffable
The sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still.

* * *

O'er all that leaps and runs and shouts and sings
Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself
And mighty depths of waters":

the "diffused cosmic power" of the hunter's worship. And when we remember that Wordsworth was but one voice of a widespread movement in literature and thought, a movement heralded by Rousseau's cult of the "noble savage," free from the restraints of a higher social culture, that the same cosmic pantheism was the religion of Shelley and Goethe, that for John Stuart Mill the supreme happiness of a humanity whose physical needs were satisfied was to be the study of Wordsworth's poetry, and that Professor Whitehead finds in Wordsworth the poet and precursor of the view of nature which he wishes to substitute for the discredited mechanism, it is evident that the dissolution in the eighteenth century of the old culture ensouled by Catholic Christianity has been followed by a widespread and powerful reversion to the most primitive and undifferentiated form of religion which archæological research has made known. Indeed, modern pantheism,

though, of course, free from primitive magic, can hardly be said to have reached, certainly it has not maintained, the level of the primitive pantheism of the savage hunter. For, as Mr. Dawson shows, the hunter's "diffused cosmic power" is not equally manifest and operative in all things. "Supernatural energy" is "carefully differentiated from natural energy and never confused with it." The "diffused cosmic power" is definitely a "diffused cosmic *supernatural power*." With the modern nature-pantheist this is by no means always the case. He possesses no clear distinction between the supernatural and the natural, and tends to find all forces and all phenomena equally divine. And only too often we have a deification and worship of the sub-rational forces and values as such, for instance, in the writings of Mr. D. H. Lawrence and the other panegyrists of anarchic sensuality. But it was precisely this sense of the distinctively supernatural which made the religion of the palæolithic caveman and the modern hunter a religion—a revelation, however obscure and inadequate, of God. And it was only because it was a religion, though a primitive religion, that it was able to be the informing soul of even a primitive culture. For a culture of any kind implies a differentiation and hierarchy of values, a subordination by the society and its individual members of lower to higher values. And if, as prehistory and history combine to prove, a culture is always the creation and incarnation of a religion, which prescribes its hierarchy of values, and a religion involves the recognition of *distinctive religious* values, there can be no culture unless distinctively religious values are recognized by society and receive the highest place in its estimation, dominating all its values and moulding its character. If, therefore, even a pantheism which recognized supernatural values could inform only a primitive culture, it is impossible that a religion which has not only degenerated to the vague pantheism of the primitive, but does not consistently recognize specifically religious values, could organize into a culture the civilization of the modern world, that vast framework of machinery and factual knowledge, without a philosophy to unify its purpose, without a religion to inspire it with the breath

of life. Only a definite religion supernatural in its values, aim, and life, organized in an international society and embracing formally or eminently every form of religion that has appeared in the course of human history, is adequate to the task. It will not be any form of pantheism, noble or ignoble, religious or merely naturalist. After the European religion-culture organized and inspired by Catholic Christianity no culture adequate to the needs of mankind can be organized by any lower religion; any religion vaguer, less universal, any religion not thus created and inspired by the supernatural revelation and activity of God. Such is the conclusion to which Mr. Dawson's dispassionate and strictly scientific account of man's older cultures irresistibly leads us. It should, therefore, be warmly welcomed by Catholic Christians, liable perhaps to be depressed in this period of spiritual darkness and confusion by the extent and volume of purely secular civilization.

And all students of prehistory, whatever their philosophic or religious allegiance, even those who can content themselves with the study of the bare facts feeling no urge to philosophize upon their significance, will be indebted to Mr. Dawson for his cautious yet vivid, accurate yet comprehensive, statement of the early history of mankind as it has been revealed to us by the progress of archæological research. And if, as we may hope, future discoveries will fill many a blank in his picture and solve many problems he has been obliged for lack of data to leave unsettled, it can but confirm the conclusions he enunciates, and complete the outline he has sketched with so masterly a hand. Mr. Dawson's book lacks only the sequel to which it leads—the story of the two great religion-cultures on which we most intimately depend, the religion culture of Greco-Roman antiquity and the religion culture of Christendom. We hope he will in due time supply it.

RISES THE GRAPE OF GOD

UPON the Great Tree,
Pale against the purple dark,
Slowing ripening to death,
Shedding the Living Wine,
The Precious Fruit hangs motionless.

Mary and the rest
Pluck with eager hands,
And, sweet spices sealing,
Lay it in the Tomb,
The Stored Fruit of God.

The Spirit breathes !
Angels flash on guard !
And in the light of Easter Dawn,
Warm with Living Wine,
Rises the Grape of God.

THOMAS BEAHON.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Herr Fulop-Miller, the gifted author of *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism*, seeks in his **Lenin and Gandhi** (Constable) to draw a parallel between the successful Bolshevik leader and the unsuccessful Hindu revolutionary. His thesis is that in Lenin and Gandhi posterity will recognize cognate experimenters thrown up by their countries' destinies to work, supra-nationally, for humanity's redemption. The difference of their methods—the Russian's violent, the Indian's non-violent—he ascribes to the differing "cultural zones" of their environment. Commentary in aid of this thesis he confines to an Introduction of ten pages: evidence to support it comprises separate life-sketches of each of his subjects, with selections from their prison letters. The book ends with a bibliography of the author's sources.

Russia, if more knowable, is less generally known to Englishmen than is India, and, in our opinion, any value that this book may possess lies in the sympathetic and well-documented, if slight, sketch of the relevant periods of Lenin's life. It was inevitable that the great figures of the Russian revolution should assume a mythical quality to the imagination of the ordinary Englishman. That is a commonplace consequence of all controversial leadership. Modern communications do something to counteract this consequence, but modern communications ever left Russia remote, and Bolshevism has not hitherto expanded their force. The Lenin with whom Herr Miller replaces the headline ogre, harnessed the pursuit of an ideal to a self-regardless appetite for perfection of practical detail that, if matched at all in modern days, has been matched only in Mussolini. The ideal, pursued in the attics of his exile and the Siberia of his captivity, was the Soviet system, "the empire of the impersonal mass"; the appetite for detail could not be satisfied without the Dictator's personally verifying that individual factory hands had aprons, and that his despatches had been duly posted. But if the essence of politics be to recognize a fact, and if statesmanship consist of the fusion of politics to an

ideal, then this biography should establish Lenin's title to statesman's rank. We do not, however, agree with the author that in Lenin we are dealing with a new type of historical greatness : it seems enough to recognize in him those supreme qualities that give the most diverse mountains resemblance at their peaks.

The biographical sketch of Gandhi, to which the English reader will probably turn with greater interest, is extremely disappointing. It suffers—no doubt quite undesignedly—from both *suggestio falsi* and *suppressio veri*. It is the picture of a conventional saint uniting Indian heterogeneity to free the Motherland, by the use of soul-force, from foreign domination. This is the picture of Gandhi which, we believe, has captured the imagination of reading circles in the smaller towns of the Middle West. That it is a grotesquely distorted presentation of the facts is due to the author's evident unfamiliarity with Indian conditions, and the curiously unjudicial reliance he places on those most treacherous of sources, the ephemeral writings of Nationalist politicians and their European converts. The value of a figure thus constructed and detached from its frame of reference is decorative rather than illustrative.

An even more serious objection to the book is that the question whether India's peoples are or are not oppressed by their British rulers is not to be finally answered by the *ipse dixit* of Herr Miller and his partisan authorities. There is a respectable body of evidence for the case that India, which never knew a peace of its own, has enjoyed practically uninterrupted peace since British rule was consolidated, that property is secure, that the standard of living, though still low, is immeasurably higher than it was, and that individual British administrators have earned unsought a popular veneration as deep, if not as spectacular, as that accorded to Gandhi himself. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to put so serious an advocate of the opposite contention to the proof of his case, which is otherwise in danger of merely exasperating all save the uncritical half-wits in whom sentimentality has conquered intelligence.

Père de la Vaissière understands in his *Elements*

of Experimental Psychology (Herder) the positive science of which the aim is to determine the laws of identity and diversity, concomitance, and succession governing psychical phenomena. It is a science the scope of which is ever widening. Nor does the author seek to restrict it. His first book deals with recent experiments performed with animals. Chapters VI to X of the second discuss the experimental treatment of intelligence and will in man. An immense amount of material has been collected. Innumerable quotations, chiefly from French and German authorities, are given ; and where the author is not actually quoting, he is giving us a summary of the views of one or other of the writers he has consulted. There is, in fact, far too much about other people's opinions and far too little of Père de la Vaissière's. His criticisms are jejune in the extreme. Thus his "conclusion" to the chapter on "Mediumistic Research" tells us merely that the bulk of phenomena does not postulate any "transcendental intervention"; that certain facts are unique, while others are incapable of being formulated under a law ; that some are due to hysteria and others to the subconscious. What one wanted to know, of course, was whether *any* phenomena postulate "transcendental intervention."

The book is "written for those engaged in the study of philosophy." It supplies them with the relevant material, but the philosophizing they must do for themselves. Presumably the author has advanced students chiefly in mind, for his work abounds in unexplained technical terms with which the ordinary student will be quite unacquainted. It is also a pity that the author should have bidden the student distinguish in a very copious bibliography the more important treatises from the mere summaries, reviews, etc., instead of doing it himself. Without a tutor the student will scarce be able to do this. Neither will he understand the obscure passages, of which there are many. What, for instance, is he to make of the statement that "in binocular vision, if I have to determine the position of a given point, I may take the convergence of the two lines going from the

image on the macula to the optical centre of the eye"? How does one do this? And how thence does one "draw conclusions touching the position of the other points"? And what a pity the translator should use in this connection so barbarous a phrase as the "well-localized image of the object fixed at"!

The reader, again, is told that it is at first sight quite easy to determine the psychological elements which produce different types of character. "In sensitive life he has only to study the function more or less free, the intensity more or less great, of sensations and images, the intensity more or less great of the affective states, the innate or acquired (normal or pathological) tendencies, and the state of emotivity." Quite so, and good luck to him. But does it help him much in the matter of "emotivity" to be told that "emotive non-active persons exercising the primary function (a function opposed to the 'secondary function' previously mentioned) are, according to this inquiry as according to their biographies, impulsive, violent, irritable, moody, superficial, or even stupid, prone to copy the opinions of others, whimsical, libertine, vain, ambitious, prodigal, radical in politics, bashful or finical, demonstrative, intriguing, liars, not over-scrupulous, absent-minded, and lacking in punctuality"?

Of contemporary classifications of character, the author prefers that of Malapert, who divides intellectual types into "(a) Affective intellectual : seeks pleasure in speculation ; (b) Speculative : sovereign intelligences"; and "temperate types" into "(a) Amorphous : well-balanced but mediocre ; (b) Well-balanced master mind." He might easily have chosen a brighter example of psychological acumen, one would think. But the chapter on "Character" is particularly disappointing ; yet less so than the meagre chapter on "Collective Psychology," which does not even contain a reference to McDougall's *Group Mind*.

In the Preface to his *Synopsis Evangelica*, Père Lagrange naturally refers to the need of a good Synopticon by a Catholic writer. His work can be recommended, of course, for use by students as scholarly and thorough.

The type is of new-fangled design, legible and large. There are two peculiarities: Lagrange has included not only the Synoptic Gospels and a few parallel bits from St. John, but the whole of the fourth Gospel; besides this, he has arranged the Synoptic texts almost entirely according to St. Luke's order, and revised the whole so far as possible according to St. John's chronology. The respect due to Père Lagrange's overwhelming learning and industry compels us to receive this arrangement at least with interest. Yet it is marvellous that anyone can avoid thinking St. Luke's order the least probable of all. Lagrange thinks St. Luke intended to write "in order"; and the moderns, in fact, influenced by the Vulgate *ex ordine*, render καθεξῆς so. This seems an impossible meaning for this uncommon word, which is practically the same as ἐφεξῆς—next, successively, etc. St. Luke either meant (i, 3) "to write the events one after another," or more probably "in my turn to write," after many others, this being suggested as the meaning by the preceding κάμοι. There can be no reference to order, whether logical or chronological; nor has the Vulgate rendering that meaning, the exact translation being "in succession."

It is an enormous advantage to those who use the later editions of Huck's Synopsis that Huck gives each of the three Gospels in its own order, repeating passages in smaller type when necessary in order to give the parallels side by side. The student is thus not forced to accept any view, and can always readily discover the context of any passage. The disadvantage of Rushbrooke's fine volume is that it assumes the paradoxical "two-document theory," and positively impedes the comparison of the passages in any other light. Yet Rushbrooke's variety of type and colour is an invaluable help for hasty reference. But he confines himself to Westcott and Hort's text. Père Lagrange has similarly damaged his work for students by insisting on his own view of the chronology, instead of leaving them to study the question for themselves.* His

* For example, the Sermon on the Mount is broken up by Lagrange, and its sequence is thus found: P. 56-7, 134, 170, 87, 58, 201, 58-9, 181, 60, 133, 61, 214, 62-8, 160, 235, 69, 177, 170, 190, 176, 70, 87, 71, 162, 64, 72, 184, 73, 16, 74

own view is given in a clear table; he makes our Lord's Public Ministry last two years and a quarter, from January A.D. 28 to April A.D. 30. As for the text, Père Lagrange refers to his commentaries for its justification, and gives the readings of Tischendorf, Westcott, and Hort; von Soden and Vogels, where they differ from it. Huck does better in giving the readings of MSS., which are of more importance than those of modern editors. It is not really astonishing that an industrious plodder like Huck should grant us the liberty which a very great scholar like Lagrange refuses to our weakness. Our readers may be interested to learn that in June, 1927, Père Lavergne published a French version of the *Synopsis* with Lecoffre. (H. J. C.)

Fr. Ronan's scholarly *The Reformation in Dublin* (Longmans), which is an admirable survey based on the State Papers and other contemporary sources of a subject too much neglected by the historian as distinct from the partisan, has a wider scope than the title appears to indicate. For the author, while chiefly concerning himself with Dublin as the centre of the "reforming" movement, traces its development in the pale in general and gives us occasional sidelights on the march of events in other spheres of English influence in Ireland. The cause of "reform" in Ireland, as Fr. Ronan amply shows, was much hampered by dissensions among its local promoters, by the unpopularity of Browne, the renegade Augustinian Friar who became through Cromwell first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, but, above all, by the unresponsiveness of the people, although many of their chieftains followed the Bishop's unhappy example of schism and apostasy. Fr. Ronan skilfully unravels the tangled skein which the story exhibits, as far as the present one-sided state of our information allows; what the Papal Registers have to reveal remains to be seen. He gives detailed attention to the religious houses—naturally an early objective in Henry's campaign in Ireland as in England—and prints, for the first time, a summary of the

184, 75-6, 41. Personally, I find St. Matthew's arrangement more logical as well as simpler.

extent of the Dublin monasteries and convents taken at the time of the suppression.

In the second edition, which we hope to see, maps might usefully be added and the bibliography improved. The inevitable misprints and inaccurate references are comparatively few, considering the size of the work. A certain lack of consistency in the spelling of proper names is rather irritating; several persons are mentioned in two different forms, while St. Lawrence O'Toole appears in three. Surely "Shankhill" is inadmissible as a variant of Shankill? It is a curious slip to make "Bath and Wells" the prototype of the phenomenon of the co-existence of two cathedrals in one city (as in Dublin). The analogous cases of Jerusalem or of St. Lizier, in the pre-Revolution Diocese of Couserans, might, however, have been quoted. (W. H. W.)

Few things are more depressing than the historical section of any considerable library. So much erudition, such painful toil, so sincere a desire to seek truth and ensue it, have gone to the making of these close-packed volumes; and yet how scanty, as we examine our own minds, are the fruits of the historian's labours! Especially is this true of the history of Ireland, which has been so bedevilled by prejudice and partisan preconceptions that we feel justified in turning from it in disgust. Now it is the peculiar merit of Miss Hull's **History of Ireland and her People to the Close of the Tudor Period** (Harrap) that she discards those ready-made assumptions which most of us use in place of proof. Herself deeply read in medieval Irish literature, she neither supposes Ireland to have enjoyed a Golden Age until the coming of the English nor yet by that coming to have been for the first time made acquainted with civilization. Her method, consistently pursued, has been to let contemporary writers speak for themselves, leaving it to the reader to make the necessary deductions for individual points of view. "Irish history," she truly says, "is a series of contradictions; its unexpectedness creates its absorbing interest; it refuses to march along the simple lines marked out for it by the modern political writer; it is illogical, independent, averse to rule."

Nowhere else, perhaps, can one see so clearly and within a reasonable compass what kind of social order it was which existed in Ireland when Strongbow came, how much both of good and evil it cherished or rejected, nor what were the real aims of the protagonists in that long-drawn fight which, when Elizabeth died, was yet undecided. Two different systems of thought, as well social as political, were in conflict. Between these it seems possible that a reasonable composition might presently have been reached but for two things, which, coming almost simultaneously, brought with them a bitterness of hatred hitherto unknown. As late as the middle years of Henry VIII, Irish wars, though always terrible, left no wounds which were not quickly healed. But the attempted change in religion soon turned what had been the sporadic rebellions of particular chieftains into a national resistance to the royal authority; while, soon after, Elizabeth's encouragement of the basest sort of adventurer put an end to all hope of accommodation. There is a wealth of sinister meaning in these words of the Queen to Sidney: "As touching your suspicion of Shane O'Neill, be not dismayed nor let any man be daunted. But tell them that if he arise, it will be for their advantage; for there will be estates for those who want."

Many portraits adorn the book, among them one (after the original at Knole) of the "Old Countess of Desmond," that astonishing lady who was born in 1464, was maid of honour at the Court of Edward IV, danced with Richard III when Duke of Gloucester, lived to see the ruin of her husband's house, came afoot from Bristol to London when seven score years of age to visit Queen Elizabeth, and died in 1604—so tradition asserts—by falling from the tree in which she was picking cherries. (H. L.)

From the son of Wilfrid Ward and the grandson of "Ideal" Ward we expect clear and cogent argument. We are not disappointed. Mr. Leo Ward's *The Catholic Church and the Appeal to Reason* (Burns Oates and Washbourne) is a book to put into the hands of the intelligent enquirer. Of course, as the author says, there can be no attempt in so short a space at a complete apologia.

Mr. Ward sets out powerfully certain arguments on behalf of Catholic Christianity which go to the root of the matter. We would invite particular attention to two of these. One is the argument that Catholicism alone can understand and meet the condition and need of man—his greatness and his littleness, his capacity for supernature, the essential unhappiness and evil of his actual state. The other is the appeal to the Gospel picture of our Lord as proof of His Divine-human character. The latter owes much, as Mr. Ward makes clear, to Mr. G. K. Chesterton's *The Everlasting Man*, but has been very skilfully presented by the author. Throughout the book we are in touch with essentials, never losing our time over side-issues. On p. 48 Mr. Ward says the "loss" of "the state of supernatural life" is the Fall; the sin whereby it was lost is called "original sin." Surely theologians mean by original sin not the actual sin of Adam, but the loss of original justice (the state of supernatural life) inherited from him. On p. 80 we were doubtful of a point made by Mr. Chesterton and quoted by Mr. Ward, that Christ's view of marriage was entirely strange to the mind of first-century Jews. It is probable that about the Christian era the Zadokite Sect of the New Covenant at Damascus was teaching the indissolubility of marriage and forbidding divorce. We should like to call attention to a most suggestive and profound remark which sums up one of Mr. Ward's most powerful arguments: "The Catholic Church acts as a psycho-analyst towards the human race, reminding it of something which it has almost wholly forgotten, and this is why its religion is able to 'fit the facts' and solve the problem of life" (47-8).

We are so exacting today in our demand for a scientifically established text of an author, that even the most scholarly editions which satisfied our fathers are to the modern student unsatisfactory and defective. And we are little inclined to claim finality even for contemporary editions. Yet that claim may be made without misgiving for the present edition of **The Poems of Richard Crashaw**, L. C. Martin (Clarendon Press). So thorough has been the collection of every available source

for the poet's text printed or manuscript that we cannot think any important evidence is likely to come to light in future. Mr. Martin may therefore justly claim to have given us the first complete and adequate edition of the poet. With its appearance all previous editions lose any value other than purely bibliographic. The best review of Mr. Martin's work is a brief inventory of its contents. There is a biography more complete than any which has yet appeared. There is printed with a facsimile the only letter—indeed the only piece of prose—written by Crashaw still in existence. It has hitherto been accessible only in the periodical (*The Church Quarterly Review*, January, 1912) in which Miss Sharland published it. While raising interesting questions not now capable of answer, this letter throws light on a dark period of the poet's life. It was written, after his expulsion from Peterhouse, at Leyden, where his experience of Protestantism in its purest and most logical form is evidently urging Crashaw towards the Church. It shows him as an intimate friend of the "nun" of Little Gidding, Mary Collet, whom Shorthouse's fascinating, if unreliable, romance has invested with such charm. A letter of recommendation to Pope Innocent X given to Crashaw by Queen Henrietta Maria when he visited Rome is also available for the first time in this edition. There is a full account and examination of the sources which enables the reader to estimate the exact authority for the accepted and alternative readings. Crashaw's artistic growth is largely displayed by additions to and reconstructions of previous work. Poems first printed in the 1646 edition of *Steps to the Temple* appear in revised form in the 1648 *Steps to the Temple* and with a few further changes in the *Carmen Deo Nostro* of 1652. Mr. Martin has therefore printed for the first time both texts of these poems, the primitive text of 1646 and the revised text of 1648 and 1652. Since, however, the edition of 1648 is the most carelessly printed of the three, Mr. Martin adopts the text of the 1652 *Carmen Deo Nostro*. From the 1648 edition he takes only those few poems, chiefly Latin, peculiar to that edition. Besides textual emendations the MSS., con-

temporary though not autographs, have supplied additional poems. They include a considerable poem which has escaped all former editors. It is an Epithalamium from Harl. 6917. Though the touch is immature, it bears the unmistakable stamp of its author. First recognized as his work by Mr. Martin it was published by him in the *London Mercury* for June, 1923. Excellent notes, which reveal a master's command of contemporary literature, trace sources and parallels of poems, lines, and even phrases hitherto unnoticed. Incidentally the famous lines which have so often offended tastes unaccustomed to the peculiar flavour of the baroque, those lines in which the weeping eyes of the Magdalen are described as

“Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable and compendious oceans,”

are paralleled from Herman Hugo the Emblematist, Cabilliau, Southwell, and Gervase Markham. Only one source—after all, one of the most obvious—has rather surprisingly escaped Mr. Martin's notice. We mean the liturgy of the Catholic Church. Had Mr. Martin consulted the Roman Breviary he would not have needed to search the archives of mediæval hymnology for the Lauds hymn of Our Lady, “O Gloriosa Domina.” And he would have discovered that the suggestion, even the outline of the earlier portion of the hymn for St. Teresa was in the Vesper hymn for her festival “Regis Superni nuntia.” There we have the story of her childish attempt to run away to the Moors for a martyr's crown. “Domum paternam deseris” (Farewell house, and farewell home). “Christum datura aut sanguinem” (So shall she leave among them sown, her Lord's blood or at least her own).

“Sed te manet suavior
Mors, poena poscit dulcior
Divini amoris cuspide
In vulnus icta concides.”

“T' embrace a milder martyrdom,
Thou art Love's victim, and must die
A death more mystical and high. . . .
His is the dart must make the death
Whose stroke shall haste thy hallowed breath.”

Having got so far the poet proceeds on the wings of his own inspiration. But the hymn started him on his way. And unfortunately Mr. Martin is not the only man proficient in every branch of learning except the ordinary formulæ and practices of the Church.

When Newman penned his sad acknowledgement of the Protestantism of English literature, Crashaw was suffering from the long eclipse which, even before the eighteenth century opened, had overtaken so many of the poets of his epoch. The classic rationalism of the eighteenth century could appreciate neither the baroque art nor the religious temper of men such as Crashaw and Vaughan. The reaction represented by the nineteenth-century Romanticists did something to revive their fame. "It is not the least," writes Mr. Martin, "of Crashaw's honours that a part (143-164) of the Hymn to St. Teresa was acknowledged to have been constantly in the mind of Coleridge whilst writing the second part of 'Christabel'—if, indeed, by some subtle process they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem." Yet the Romantics could not really understand. For like baroque art in general, baroque poetry, however free its play, possessed a solid core of sober and reasoned system, the Catholic religion. And the religion of those Anglicans who, like Vaughan, adopted the style was deeply coloured by Catholicism. Romanticism, on the contrary, was a welter of disintegrating emotionalism which even when, as in Germany especially, it wove some form of idealist philosophy, was always predominantly subjective. The baroque poet was a child playing along the parterres of a Dutch garden, and his wildest flights of conceit but a frolic with its quaint fountains and concealed taps. The romantic was a child lost in the jungle with no better companionship than the beasts with whom his spiritual descendants, D. H. Lawrence and the like, are content to keep company. Today the baroque poet is coming back to his own. Those who seek refuge from the intellectual and moral chaos in Catholic Christianity, or at least are looking in that direction, love the poets who represent in its final form the Catholic civilization of Western Europe.

Many of those who have wandered furthest down the paths of license—whether intellectual, spiritual, or merely literary—are attracted by the happy freedom of the baroque fancy. And all those, now so many, who are in some fashion or another interested in mystical experience appreciate the mysticism of a Crashaw or a Vaughan. Liberty and experience are the desire, reason and order the need of the modern man. The baroque poets satisfy at once his need and his desire. Among them Signor Praz places the English supreme, and among the English Crashaw holds the first place. As he alone embraced the Catholic faith, so he alone possessed that spiritual passion which transforms and sublimates, but does not destroy the sensuousness without which the face of poetry is too pallid to be perfectly beautiful. Herbert's muse, demure and dainty but too satisfied with herself and her surroundings, passes on her way with the delicate gait of the fine lady she is, to join squire and parson at their select and moderate devotions. Vaughan's moves lonely on her path, stately and solemn, with eyes fixed on the sky, as one lost in a dream. Her face wears a look of sad perplexity, as of a stranger who has lost her way home. Crashaw's muse, "undaunted daughter of desires," proclaims in gesture and expression alike that she is in love—with a royal Lover, the King who hath desired her Beauty. If she weeps, her tears are not of hopeless longing for the days when "heaven had not yet grown cold to" man, "and angels" were still "familiar," but such tears as Magdalen shed at Jesus' feet. Of these three poets each has his own incommunicable charm, but only Crashaw the Catholic deserves to stand as the perfect and typical example of baroque poetry. If, therefore, baroque poetry is assured of a welcome today warmer than it has enjoyed since the epoch which gave it birth, what time more opportune than the present for the definitive edition of its greatest English representative! The opportunity has been taken, and that definitive edition has appeared. It is Mr. Martin's volume.

If contentment be a virtue, Mr. Ewing Moore's

In the Heart of Spain (Universal Knowledge Co.) puts it, we must admit, to a severe test. His delightful picture of the land of sun and flowers, to which he escaped from the fogs of a London Christmas, makes us long to follow him next winter. "The railway from Algeciras to Ronda soon commenced to climb into a lovely hilly country through forests of olive and cork, with here and there a fruit tree in full blossom, although January was not near its end. Sheets of white narcissus were draped like cobwebs on the morning grass, and clumps of iris gave a note of gentian blue to the picture. . . . The olive trees seem of a softer, darker, and more silky green than elsewhere." And we must copy these lines in the light of midday gas, while outside a grey sky glooms above the dank grass and bare boughs.

His *Heart of Spain* is Andalusia, and though the Castilian who, even if a Saint like Teresa and John of the Cross, has always disliked the Andalusian and regarded Andalusia as a foreign land, might quarrel with the epithet, the province is certainly Spain *par excellence* for the traveller from abroad. Though the present book would not claim to be more than a record of impressions, much study has gone to its making, and the reader will come away with his knowledge of Spanish history considerably enriched. The style is fluent, entertaining, and picturesque, the treatment of Spanish life understanding and sympathetic. Even today the English and, we suspect, the American visitor looks at Spain through glasses deeply tinted with Protestant prejudice, sees in every priest a Torquemada, in every sign of devotion a piece of magic or idolatry. Even a writer of the intellectual calibre of Arnold Bennett will slander the Spaniard with the glib readiness of the man who knows more about his neighbour than that neighbour himself. From such prejudice and malice Mr. Moore's pages are a welcome relief, and while castigating with no sparing hand a genuine abuse such as the bull fight, he paints an attractive portrait of the Spaniard. Polite, self-respecting, warm-hearted, kindly, he is before all else a Christian and always a gentleman. The work of a Catholic, this picture of Spanish religion is accurate and deeply sym-

pathetic. It opens with this delightful scene witnessed at Ronda. "At the station the merriest wedding party awaited the train. A jolly parish priest was dragged from the church, the centre of a laughing, jostling throng. He seemed the very embodiment of a shepherd with his flock. When they were photographed, each and every one fought to get by his side. Smiling, tolerant of all the extravagances of his children, he made, with them, a picture of innocent revelry and happiness long to remain in our minds." We can only call attention to the account of the Holy Week Processions at Seville—a scene of touching devotion and humble penance, to the appealing charm which the writer found in those robed and jewelled Madonnas, which the Protestant tourist is apt to scorn as "idols," but which for Mr. Moore embodied the ideal of Divine Motherhood, or again to his description of the dance of the Seises at Seville Cathedral, "heavenly voices . . . singing to the glory of the Blessed Sacrament and the Immaculate Conception." But we cannot refrain from quoting his account of the Whitsun pilgrimage to the Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Dew. "On the Thursday before Whit Sunday a caravan of gaily decorated ox-carts, escorted by bands of cavaliers, leaves Triana to take their image of the Blessed Virgin to the sanctuary of Almonte, where the multitudes of three provinces . . . congregate during three days to pray, to laugh, and to dance. . . . It cannot be said that pleasure is the chief object of these smartly-dressed pilgrims : their devotion is enough to disprove any such conjecture, for it is no small hardship to bump along over cross-country trails in blinding dust and under a brazen sun for twenty, forty, or a hundred miles. Every village on the long way to Almonte turns out to receive the pilgrims or to augment their numbers. Church-bells are rung, and at each stopping-place a Mass is said in honour of the White Dove of the Marshes. There is but little sleep at night, for there are *coplas* to be sung and *sevillanas* to be danced. All is laughter, all are in highest spirits ; nor do these ever falter, not even on the long way home after what has been a severe test of endurance. . . . The caravan returns to Triana still singing, still dancing and

still chanting the hymn to the Queen of the Marshes.
This is the version sung by the pilgrims :

“ Health of the sick, early Rose,
Star of the Morn, Fountain of Perfume,
Lily of the Marshes, White Dove,
Virgin of Dew, remaining alone in the marshes
Their shepherdess,
Virgin of the Dew, lovable Rose
Smiling in love, look to Triana.”

This is indeed the Heart of Catholic Spain. The Joyful Wisdom. Mr. Moore has read her lesson well.

Though, as is natural in the description of a Catholic country, religion colours Mr. Moore’s entire picture, there is much besides. There is architecture, art—we cannot altogether share the author’s admiration for Murillo—and a most interesting chapter on the archaeological discoveries at Carmona, where Mr. Moore was the guest of the discoverer. We could wish some indication had been given of the period and culture represented by the six engraved ivory tablets found in the Bencaron tumuli (p. 250). They remind us of the Glozel finds, though here, of course, the authenticity is undisputed. We should also like to know Mr. Moore’s authority for the story of Martial and the aged Juvenal charmingly told on pp. 260-1. We hardly think it can be authentic. It is certainly *ben trovato*. We should gladly have wandered farther among the scenes which Mr. Moore describes so well, and among the people who delight us in his pages. But we must be content to refer our readers to his book. May Englishmen and Americans who intend a literary journey to Spain take it not with Mr. Bennett and his kin but with Mr. Moore. He is a trustworthy and entertaining guide. In his company they will neither weary nor miss their way.

Mgr. Barry’s new volume of essays **Roma Sacra** (Longmans), in which a wide and ripe erudition is wielded with the simplicity and ease of a skilled man of letters, invites from Catholic readers enjoyment rather than criticism. The title is perhaps slightly misleading. By Christian Rome must be meant nothing less than the entire Catholic religion. For that is the only bond of

unity between the essays which make up this volume—that and the fact, of special interest here, that they are all republished from this REVIEW. The first is a delightful allegory of human life, "The Unknown Plot." The three following are concerned with Christian Latinity, its Bible, and a little known example of its Liturgies. The fifth treats of the historical relations between Pope and Emperor. There follow three studies of St. Thomas, Dante, and St. Ignatius Loyola, as depicted by Francis Thompson. Finally, there is the essay which seems to have suggested the title of the book. It is entitled "Catholicism and the Spirit of the East." It is a very striking study of the essential and unchangeable spirit which inspires, and has always inspired, the Papacy. We would invite special attention to the Canon's thesis that the peculiar strength of the Papacy lies in the fact that it is a Western embodiment of Eastern religion. If he is right, and his contention can hardly be denied, at a period when a reconciliation and synthesis of Eastern spirituality and the scientific and practical achievement of the West is indispensable to the maintenance and progress of a civilized humanity, the Catholic religion may well be the predestined and sole saviour of a civilization which in the first flush of youthful inexperience thrust it aside as a thing outworn. Those who wish to understand the spirit of Catholicism as an historical manifestation and lack time for wide personal reading cannot do better than read these essays; those who enjoy good reading (in the right sense of that often abused word), and are not prejudiced by anti-Catholic notions, cannot fail to enjoy them, and those who begin to read with anti-Catholic prejudice in their minds will hardly lay the book down without some "change of heart." In concluding our appreciation and welcome of Canon Barry's essays may we remark that on p. 206 he appears to deny that St. Ignatius visited the Holy Land. Though it was only to be promptly expelled for his inconvenient zeal, he actually made the long-desired pilgrimage.

Readers of *The American Heresy*, by Christopher Hollis (Sheed and Ward, 8s. 6d.), might imagine from

the title of the book that they were to be taken back to the days of Leo XIII. and Americanismus. When they open the book and discover that it consists of four long studies, fortified by maps, of Jefferson, Calhoun, Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson, they will realize that there is a longer and less theological journey before them, and when they read the introduction which illuminates and unifies the studies which follow, they will discover that what is really before them is a study of the way American political life, the attitude of modern Americans towards the Republic, has evolved from the time of the Declaration of Independence. This is a task which, vast as it is, has been often assayed : but as a rule those who have had an interest in American history and a motive for writing about it have been dominated imaginatively by the greatness of American material prosperity, and write like Victorian Englishmen, making Hengist and Horsa and all things work together towards Queen Victoria. Neither Beard nor Muzzey has been worried by de Maistre.

The dictum of Cardinal Manning that all great quarrels between men are at bottom theological indicates very well the method of approach of Mr. Hollis's book. Its root proposition, baldly stated, is that since the eighteenth century rationalists were sentimentalists and their underlying axioms—such as that all men were born free and equal—rested on sentiment. The freedom and equality of men only result from their nature as the creatures of God, and the consequences of the right to freedom and the right to equality can only be determined in the light of a conception of the purpose of human life. Jefferson began by calling truths self-evident that were not self-evident at all apart from a theology he rejected. The whole of the succeeding political history was at bottom a struggle between the different applications given by men to these vague and often conflicting self-evident rights.

"The Age of Reason thus gave the curious sight of a world divided—one half, the orthodox, accepting the promises of the Christian religion ; the other half, the unorthodox, in warfare against it, but using as the weapon of their warfare conclusions rightly to be drawn from those premises. A citizen of this divided world, Jefferson,

when he gave to the United States a political philosophy, rightly built that philosophy upon the two principles of human liberty and human equality. These principles he should have deducted from dogmatic religion. Instead he adopted them as sentiments and built his philosophy upon a denial of dogmatic religion. This is the American heresy." The marks of the Jeffersonian State were freedom and equality ; their interpretation, in the presence of two great threats of slavery and industrialism, gave endless ground for contention. "It is the thesis of this book," writes Mr. Hollis, "that there went into the Civil War two politically-minded nations. There emerged from it, or rather from the period of Reconstruction, one non-politically-minded nation, content, and even anxious, to allow the rich to order its life to the smallest detail." This is plain speaking, and the book a provocative book. The four studies are complete portraits of the men, and the thesis is rather illustrated by them than demonstrated period by period. First the reader is shown Jefferson and is taken through Jefferson's career ; even the minor episodes of his Presidency are illuminated each in a few epigrammatic sentences. There is, indeed, far more in each sketch than is needed, or than is wise, if the sketches are considered solely as illustrations of the way in which a thing—in this case the United States—can start as one thing and end as essentially the opposite. The truth seems to be that in each study Mr. Hollis grew so interested that he could stop at nothing short of a full-length portrait. The statesmen chosen all deserve it, they are unique figures, not representative men, or presented as such : it is rather as a series of illustrative episodes that they are made collectively to give a sense of the course of American development. Thus amid all the rich detail of each essay a central point emerges. In Jefferson, the lack of ultimate coherence ; in Calhoun, the failure to control a situation growing ever more ominous for the old political philosophy ; in Lincoln, the jettisoning of all else to save political union, not to stop slavery, but to safeguard and assist the future of the expanding people ; in Wilson, the triumph of organized political forces over any opposition, a triumph illustrated in the

way the conditions of political life brought out all the worst weaknesses in Wilson's own character. The essay on Wilson is exceedingly hostile : it is illuminating to show the almost insuperable difficulties of a political career, to expound with scorn the ingratitude with which Wilson turned on those who had served his purpose ; but some of the most striking examples of that ingratitude were due to a purely personal failing, and Mr. Hollis rubs this in because so much has been made of the lofty idealism of Wilson that it is irresistible to point out the cold egoism and uneasy ambition of a man who seems to have excepted himself from any declaration about human equality. On the other hand, less than justice is done to some of his public achievements between 1912 and 1914. Mr. Hollis has let himself become irritated by Mr. Wilson's consciousness of unctuous rectitude. But the reader is on the whole glad at the cost of seeing a little unjust execution done for the sake of the brilliant way in which the whip is handled. There can be few books which are brighter examples of that rare literary talent which combines pungency and epigram with a luminous clarity. Matters which generations of dreary historians have described and made inevitably dull are realized not to be dull at all, and in Mr. Hollis's hands they fit naturally into the lively suits of words in which he bedecks them before sending them in a gay procession to their appointed places in the portraits he is painting, lighting each of his canvases with a glistening candelabra of good things. (D. W.)

A CORRECTION

THE reviewer of Dom Gougaud's "Devotional and Ascetic Practices in the Middle Ages" in the DUBLIN REVIEW for January, 1928, wishes to point out that he was mistaken in his statement that a vision of the Sacred Heart is depicted on the rood-screen at Horsham St. Faith, near Norwich. The mistake arose from a conflation in memory of two panels, one representing a saint holding her heart, the other, St. Bridget writing her revelations and an apparition of our Lord above her.

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